Four Boston Grandparents

William Preble Jones

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Four Boston Grandparents

JONES and HILL

PREBLE and EVELETH

And Their Ancestry

BY

WILLIAM PREBLE JONES

Somerville, Massachusetts
1930

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THE THIRD AND LAST INSTALLMENT

No apology is necessary for the present publication. Like the preceding pamphlets, "John Preble of Machias and His Descendants" and "Two Loyal Bostonians," its preparation has been a labor of love.

As a distinguished classmate, Judge James Madison Morton of the United States district court at Boston, wrote in acknowledging the receipt of one of the earlier pamphlets: "When we get too old for sports, we find comfort in slippers and genealogy."

There may be too much truth in the remark by the honorable judge. But if we look upon genealogical research as a sporting proposition, why can't we enjoy both sports and genealogy, as well as slippers, whatever our age may be?

A few hours now and then during the last twenty-five years, interviewing or writing to relatives, pouring over old letters and scrapbooks, foraging in the libraries, searching the town histories and genealogies for the desired information, and finally a lot of painstaking work in selecting, comparing and arranging the material, have produced results which, though not complete, I am venturing to put in print.

Portions of this material may have only a limited interest, because they refer so intimately to our own immediate families. But there is no telling when the most insignificant appearing bit of historical or genealogical or biographical information may prove of the utmost value to somebody. What today appears unimportant may be worth the world to some person fifty years from now. Having these facts in mind, I am placing in permanent form fragments of family history which otherwise would soon be entirely lost or forgotten.

The present pamphlet, like its predecessors, will be placed in many of the leading libraries and historical societies of the country; for, strange as it may seem, such organizations are even more keenly interested in the preservation of this kind of information than members of our own families.

WILLIAM PREBLE JONES,
13 Maple avenue, Somerville, Mass.

June, 1930.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The accompanying photographs are typical of Boston during the Civil War period and the days of hoopskirts and flowing beards.

As those of the two grandmothers and the Preble family group are reproductions from the only pictures in existence, they will doubtless be appreciated by the numerous descendants.

That of the Wells School, which the Preble daughters attended between 1850 and 1870, shows the original building at the corner of Blossom and McLean streets, facing the grounds of the Massachusetts General Hospital. This building was torn down during the following decade, and replaced by the present structure.

The heavy granite tower of the Bowdoin Street Church and some of the adjoining houses still remain as splendid examples of the old style of Boston architecture.

Four Boston Grandparents
Jones and Hill
Preble and Eveleth
And their Ancestry

Introduction

Some of our family history has already been published in the pamphlets, entitled "John Preble of Machias and His Descendants" and "Two Loyal Bostonians." The latter was the story of my parents, William Edward Jones and Ellen Frances Preble.

The following pages contain such information as I have been able to assemble concerning the lives of our four grandparents: William Jones and Hannah Drew Hill, who were my father's parents, and Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble and Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, who were the parents of my mother, together with a more or less detailed account of their ancestry.

William Jones was a native of North Wales who came to the United States and settled in Boston about 1830; Hannah Hill was born in Epping, N. H.

N. C. A. Preble and his wife, Sarah B. Eveleth, were natives of New Gloucester, Me.

Many of the ancestors of the last three mentioned were among the earliest settlers of New England.

Both couples were married in August, 1841, and went to housekeeping in Boston. And all of their children were

born in that historic city by the sea, to which several of their ancestors had come in the great migration of 1630.

The present pamphlet is written from the standpoint of one who was a grandson of both of those loyal Boston families. That word "loyal" I like to use, for if there was any one quality which especially characterized my parents and grandparents it was their loyalty.

The story of the paternal grandparents is given first and is followed by that of the maternal grandparents.

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Boston in 1630 and 1840

When our ancestors came to these shores in 1630 Boston was described as "a neck of land generally full of stately timber and the country round about an uncouth wilderness."

The Shawmut peninsula on which the town was established was originally an island. Winds and tides in the ages past had formed a narrow neck connecting it with the mainland, much like the neck which joins the Nahant peninsula to the Lynn mainland. Such was the formation at the time that Winthrop, Dudley and others took possession on September 17, 1630.

The peninsula had a very irregular shore line, indented with numerous bays and coves. The predominating features of the landscape, however, were the triple peaks of Beacon Hill, known as Trimount or Treamont. Of the three eminences the middle, Centry or Beacon Hill, was the highest. The West peak was in the vicinity of the present Pinckney street; and Pemberton Hill formed the easterly portion of the ridge.

The highest point of Beacon Hill, in the rear of the present State House about where the Beacon Monument stands, had an elevation of 138 feet above the tide.

Entirely separate and considerably lower, Fort Hill, now obliterated, and Copps Hill or Windmill Hill were in the foreground when the new settlement was viewed from the upper harbor. The former was a peninsula of itself, jutting far out from the main peninsula. Casual visitors to Fort Hill Square can scarcely realize that here once was a rounded hill, similar to the other drumlins of Boston and vicinity, eighty feet in height. On the other side

of the deep inlet which reached in as far as Post Office and Dock squares, was Copps Hill with an elevation of fifty feet. And also, strange to say, Copps Hill and its sloping sides formed an island, completely cut off from the main land by a narrow creek along the line of the present Blackstone street.

What we now know as Haymarket, Dock, Liberty, Dewey and Park squares were all either under water or on the edge of the beach. The tides swept along the base of the hills on the Common, even down to the days of the Revolution. So that when Longfellow speaks in the Paul Revere poem of the British marching "down to their boats on the shore," he was telling the literal truth; for they embarked in their boats from the beach at the Park square corner of the Common, when beginning their march to Lexington and Concord.

One of the several springs of clear, cool water that made the Shawmut peninsula a desirable place for settlement was near the present Spring street. Wherefore the name of the street. Another was on the side of Washington street near Spring lane. Still another was in the vicinity of Louisburg square where William Blaxton or Blackstone, the original settler, had his habitation.

A very different place was Boston two centuries later when our grandparents went to housekeeping in that part of the old peninsula known as the West End.

Hill tops had been partially cut down and the material used to fill in some of the numerous marshes and coves that indented the shore line. Even then the Back Bay remained a wide expanse of water, an extensive mill pond with a dam or causeway extending as a continuation of Beacon street from the foot of the hill westerly toward Brookline.

The public garden was still a marsh, and the city map for 1838 shows all west of Arlington street as under water.

In the West End, where my parents were born, Brighton street was on the edge of the Charles river. Going toward the sea, Causeway street and Commercial street, as far as the Quincy market, formed the waterfront. What we now know as Atlantic avenue, in the vicinity of the ferries and lower State street, did not then exist. At a later period the avenue was built across the indentation, through the middle of Long and Central wharves and the other

wharves which extended from Commercial street to the deep water of the harbor.

Broad street ran from State street to its present end near Rowe's wharf, but in those days it went still further, following the shore from Rowe's wharf along what is now a part of Atlantic avenue to the vicinity of the South station.

The Washington street thoroughfare extended northerly only as far as Dock square, which had been the landing place in the early days, then almost in the heart of the town. In 1840, that part of the highway between State street and Adams square was still called Cornhill.

The extremely narrow neck of land which in 1630 connected the Boston peninsula with the mainland, in the vicinity of Washington and Dover streets, had been widened somewhat at that period by filling along the shores. In that neighborhood, Tremont street had become the water front of the Back Bay "Receiving Basin," as it was called on the maps of the time. Harrison avenue was the water front on the side of the South Bay.

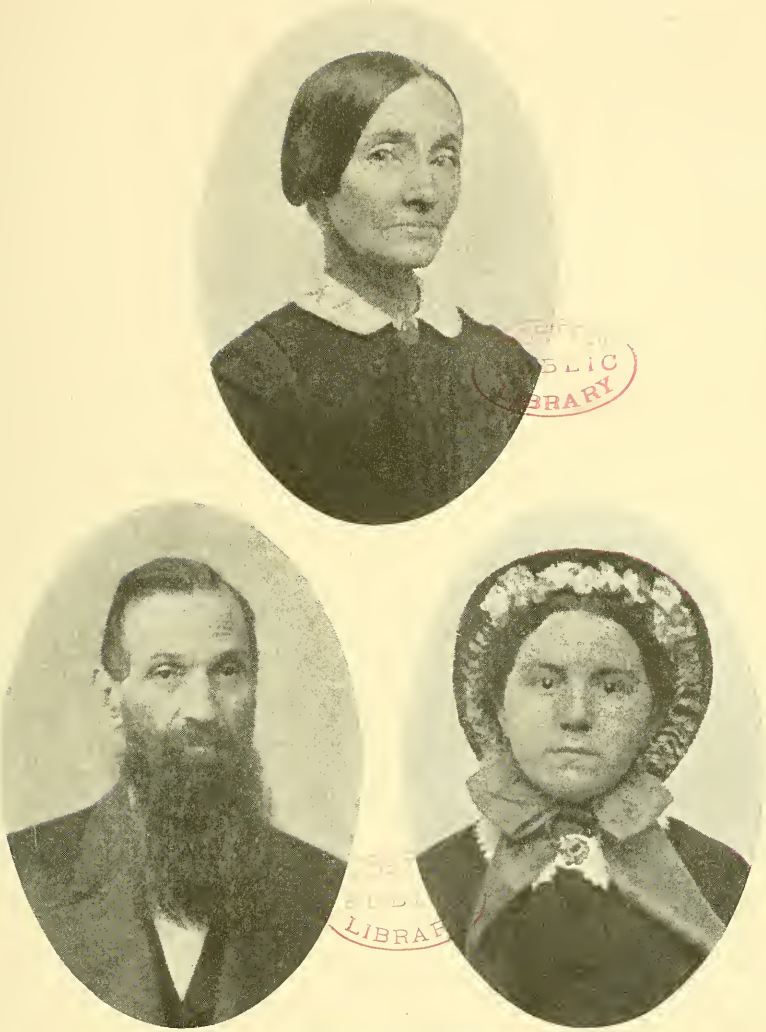
The first steam railroads in Boston were then only half a dozen years old. Horse cars did not make their advent till long afterward; not till 1856, in fact. Part of the city got its water supply from Jamaica pond. In 1848 the Cochituate water was introduced.

Beautiful colonial mansions and gardens were numerous on Summer, Franklin and other streets in the present business district, as well as on Tremont and Beacon streets.

In 1830, two centuries after its founding, Boston had a population of 61,392. The 1840 census gave the figures as 92,383, and that of 1845 as 114,366.

As my parents were born in 1842, it is safe to say that Boston then had practically an even one hundred thousand inhabitants. Be it remembered, however, that Boston did not then include the outlying suburbs of Roxbury, West Roxbury, Dorchester, Brighton or Charlestown, which were annexed at a later period.

In 1860 the population had increased to 177,902; in 1865 to 192,324. By 1875 the annexations of the suburbs had been effected, except the recent annexation of Hyde Park; and the census that year showed a population of 341,-919.



THREE OF THE GRANDPARENTS

Above: HANNAH DREW (HILL) JONES. From an ambrotype taken between 1850 and 1860. No picture of William Jones is known to be in existence.

Below: NATHANIEL COIT ALLEN PREBLE. From a group photograph of the officers of the Massachusetts Lodge of Masons taken about 1868.

SARAH BARTLETT (EVELETH) PREBLE, his wife, from an ambrotype taken between 1850 and 1860.

Our Paternal Grandparents

William Jones, the Welshman, and Hannah Drew Hill, New Hampshire Yankee

William Jones, my grandfather, was born in 1796 on a farm in Merionethshire, North Wales, about four or five miles from Barmouth, a famous watering place on Cardigan Bay. The farm, which was known as Caetani, is in the parish of Llanddwywe. It is close to the village of Dyffryn in the adjoining parish of Llanenddwyn.

His parents were John Evans and Ann Williams. They had ten sons and one daughter, the youngest of the family. According to a peculiar old Welsh custom, the children were all known as Jones, that being the plural or perhaps the possessive of John. My grandfather, William, was the oldest or very near the oldest of the eleven children. They were all reared on the farm. As the boys grew to manhood and Caetani proved too small to support them all, they went out into the world to shift for themselves.

William came to America; eight brothers went to London and prospered; and the youngest, Morris, remained to carry on the farm with the old parents.

When William Jones migrated to this country we do not know. It was probably about 1830. Our earliest knowledge of his being in Boston comes from a letter sent to him by his brother Morris, dated October 1, 1834, and addressed to him at 5 Flagg alley, now Change avenue, the narrow passageway which extends from State street to Faneuil Hall. It was sent in care of John Jones, who may have been a relative, but was probably only a fellow countryman. Whether or not he lived with John Jones, or whether that was only his mailing address is another point that we do not know.

Diligent search of the Boston directories for a dozen years beginning with 1830 yields no satisfactory clue to his residence during that period, for the reason that there were

several persons by the name of William Jones and no information that would aid in deciding which one, if any, was my grandfather. No person of that name was mentioned as residing at Flagg alley, although his friend John Jones was recorded there. The first positive identification of our William Jones in the directory was in the book for 1843, which lists him as residing at 3 Milton place. In 1844 he was still at the same address. This was after his marriage and the birth of my father, William Edward Jones. In 1845, however, his address is given as 1 Milton place, and that is the address given in each succeeding year down to and including 1861. The following year, 1862, he is listed as at 106 Leverett street, in which house he continued till his death in 1864.

In August, 1841, at the age of 45, William Jones married Hannah Drew Hill, a native of Epping, N. H., then in her thirty-first year.

Hannah and her younger sister, Ruth Hill, were both born in the old farmhouse which still stands on the North River road in Epping. The house is almost on the very brink of the river, which in times of freshet rushes past with a delightful roar. In fact, the river flows through the old family farm. Only a few rods away, on the opposite side of the stream, is the boundary line of the town of Lee. That old farmhouse was grandmother's home till she came to Boston to live.

On her seventeenth birthday, I think that was the date, she went to town, — whether it was Exeter, Newmarket, Durham or Dover, we do not know, — and bought the handsome old lustre-ware pitcher which has ever since been in the family. In my boyhood days it was used as a receptacle for keeping herbs and was always on the top shelf of the kitchen closet. Today it is a cherished family heirloom.

In 1836 to 1838 she was still living in Epping, apparently, from the autographs and poetical tributes from her Epping friends written in her album. Just when she came to Boston I have been unable to ascertain.

For some time before her marriage, Hannah had lived in the family of her half brother, Benjamin F. Hill, on old Fort Hill, Boston, in a house which was destroyed in the great fire of November, 1872. She had worked in a dry goods store down near Broad street, tending for Catherine Dodge who kept the store and also making cloaks. These

facts I learned from an old cousin of my father, Carrie Hill, who died a few years ago in Charlestown.

Catherine Dodge, it appears from the directories of the period, had a clothing store at 129 Broad street and a house at 19 Washington place.

As early as 1838, the directories show that Benjamin F. Hill, housewright, at 217 Broad street, lived at 11 Washington place and that his brother, Trueworthy D. Hill, a house and ship joiner, boarded with him.

Washington place was the street which encircled the elevation known as Fort Hill, which has since been cut away and is now memorialized by a small park bearing the name.

In 1840 to 1842, the Hills were at 25 Washington place, but in 1843 they had moved to Hudson street, near Kneeland street, now a part of Boston's Chinatown. The next two years they were at 38 Oak street, and in 1846, at 17½ Temple street, locations that suggest where my father spent some of his childhood hours, when his mother took him visiting.

Carrie Hill was one of several small children of Benjamin F. Hill. She told me many things about my grandmother, whom she well remembered while living on the hill. Her memory of her Aunt Hannah was particularly keen, because of the fact that she shared the same bed with her. To the best of her recollection, she said that William Jones, the Welshman, drove a team or did some work of that sort before his marriage. Later he was engaged in the real estate business. The directories, however, listed him year after year, as a "trader."

How the couple became acquainted can only be conjectured. Perhaps Hannah sold him some gloves or a cravat or a pair of woolen socks. Perhaps they attended the same church. Very likely he escorted her home from the store or from meeting. We don't even know where the wedding took place. Carrie did not know whether they were married in Boston — there is no record at the Boston City Hall — or whether they went up to Hannah's home in Epping. I think the latter, however, was the most likely procedure, although the railroads had not then been extended up into the state of New Hampshire.

When I first met Carrie Hill or even knew that such a person ever existed, she was already in her eightieth year.

That was in 1913. As the wedding had taken place seventy-two years before, her inability to remember the time or the place of the occurrence is not surprising. But had it been in Boston, the natural place would have been at her father's house; and if the ceremony had been performed there, she certainly would have remembered it.

My father, William E. Jones, was the only child of William and Hannah. He was born in Boston, November 9, 1842. The typically Welsh name of his father was bestowed upon him, with the other family name of Edward inserted in the middle.

According to Carrie Hill, his birthplace was on Milton street in the West End. Milton street is a narrow lane, about fourteen feet in width, including the sidewalks, and slopes down from Spring street to Brighton street, which was then on the shore of the Charles river. Directly across the river was Lechmere, originally an island in the marsh. Further up the tidal stream a short distance, the river widened out into the great inland sea, nearly two miles in breadth.

Hannah Rosar, another cousin, who was a daughter of Ruth Hill, full sister of Hannah Hill, also said that my father lived during the first part of his life at No. 1 Milton street and she likewise thought he was born there. The city of Boston records, which, however, were very incomplete before 1850, do not mention his birth. At a later period, probably in the early sixties, the family moved to 106 Leverett street, just below the corner of Spring street, toward the Charles river. There they remained till after grandfather's death in 1864. The following year they moved across Leverett street and lived at 9 Willard street till the Jones family finally removed to Somerville in February, 1869.

A near neighbor on Willard street was Deacon George W. Chipman, a prominent member of Tremont Temple, for whom Chipman Hall was named. The street itself was named for Willard Ayers. His granddaughter, Mrs. Adelaide Ayers Dalton, now over 85 years old and living at 9 Walker street, West Somerville, was a member of my mother's first graduating class at the old Wells school in 1861.

"I used to see a great deal of the Jones family when they lived on Milton street," said Carrie Hill. "I was very fond of Aunt Hannah and Willie. Aunt Hannah, of course, came from the country and she always had a beautiful gar-

den, with lots of flowers. I remember the sun flowers, particularly."

A slang expression current in those days was "Bite my biddies," as to the exact meaning of which I confess ignorance. "We all used it," said Carrie, "but your grandfather, William Jones, couldn't understand it, and the old Welsh gentleman would shake his head in protest whenever he heard the words."

For a number of years Grandfather Jones had charge of various buildings, the renting of houses and the collection of rents. He continued at this till he sustained a fall in a building down town and received injuries from which he never recovered. This was when my father was twelve or fourteen years old. As a result, grandfather was an invalid for the rest of his life and his wife was obliged to attend to the business with the help of her son.

Evidently he also suffered from a shock. He was partially paralyzed and blind for the last eight years before his death, including the period while his son was serving in the army. He died February 28, 1864.

The city of Boston records state that his death occurred on that date at 106 Leverett street; that his age was 68; occupation, broker; birthplace, Wales, Eng.; parents, John and Anna (born in Wales, Eng.); cause of death, apoplexy, following an illness of seven years from paralysis; burial, Epping, N. H. Also that J. Peak was the "informant." Apparently the informant or the recorder was not particularly well informed in his geography, when he called Wales a part of England.

As there was no other family burial place, the body was taken to Epping and buried on the edge of Uncle True's pasture, beside the graves of grandmother's parents, Trueworthy and Ruth Hill. Only a few boulders and a solitary headstone which was placed some years afterwards over the grave of my grandmother's half brother, Trueworthy Dudley Hill, mark the spot.

My own mother knew but very little of Grandfather Jones, for the reason that he died several years before her marriage. She remembered, however, that he was a man of medium height. Also, she thought that he was a member of the Park Street Church, but as his name does not appear in the membership lists, he probably was only an at-

tendant, although a regular one when in health. He was a man of sterling character, as she remembered his general reputation.

From my mother I learned that Grandmother Jones had a particularly hard time in trying to make ends meet in the days of my father's youth, especially after the accident and illness that incapacitated her husband. Nevertheless, she was a woman of courage and determination, and of marked strength of character. Proud spirited and independent, even in the days of greatest adversity she got along remarkably well. Not admitting that she was in need, she refused to be an object of charity, but insisted upon helping others instead. This was the observation of her friend, the city missionary, Mrs. Boyd, who was a frequent and welcome visitor. I know she also must have had some pretty close figuring to get along while my father was in the army and her husband was helplessly ill.

Grandmother was tall and spare in figure. Through constant work, in the home as well as outside, while she strove to support the family, her natural health and great mental strength became gradually undermined. A year or two after the marriage of my parents, June 18, 1866, she began to fail very perceptibly and finally died February 5, 1870. She was buried in the Preble family lot at Mount Auburn.

My father had intended to have the bodies of his parents taken up and placed in a lot of his own, but it never was done; and when his sudden death came in July, 1872, he also was buried in the lot at Mount Auburn, beside the grave of his mother.

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How We Learned of Our Welsh Ancestry

Our knowledge of our Jones ancestry was exceedingly scant until the fortunate discovery of an old Welsh relative of my father, Thomas Lloyd Williams, of Racine, Wisconsin. To be accurate, I should say the "rediscovery" of that genial and lovable gentleman.

The unnecessary delays in searching him out, his timely discovery and finally the valuable information obtained from him afford an excellent example of the importance of assembling and preserving your family history while the persons who know it are still alive, rather than waiting till it is too late.

Since our early youth we had known that such a relative had lived in Racine, from the handful of letters written by him to my grandfather and my father which had long been family keepsakes. They were dated all the way from 1854 to 1867. In the last letter written in '67, Mr. Williams said he contemplated a visit to Wales, and as he had been in poor health, we concluded that he had returned to the old country for good or had possibly died. Nevertheless, as we grew to manhood, we sometimes thought of writing to Racine, and several times when I was in Chicago as early as the World's Fair year in 1893 and also at a later period when in Chicago and Milwaukee, I was tempted to make a visit to Racine. But good intentions are easily forgotten.

Some years later when the genealogical germ began to develop, I was inclined to think more seriously of the matter.

With these letters from Mr. Williams were two letters written in Welsh, dated in 1834 and 1840 and addressed to my grandfather, "William Jones, late of Caetani, Wales," and sent to 5 Flagg alley, Boston. As they seemed to have a number of names in them, I endeavored to get them translated.

Charles D. Elliot, the Somerville historian, referred me to William J. Griffith, a Welshman, who said he would gladly translate them. This was early in 1905.

When finally I took the letters to Mr. Griffith, I happened to mention in the course of the conversation that we once had a Welsh relative who had lived many years ago in Racine.

"What was his name?" he asked. Casually I answered that it was Williams, adding that he had been dead probably for many years.

"What was his other name?" queried Mr. Griffith, and I replied: "Thomas Lloyd Williams."

"What!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Thomas

Lloyd Williams is not dead. He's the patriarch of the Welsh in the West. Every Welshman knows Thomas Lloyd Williams. He has a nephew in Boston, Griffith Williams, an intimate friend of mine, in the same line of business, and I see him almost every day. The old uncle was here in Boston three or four years ago. I know he must be alive."

Verifying the fact the following day, Mr. Griffith obtained for me the address of our "long lost" or long neglected relative. Immediately, I wrote to Racine, telling about our family, and to vouch for myself enclosed the last letter from Mr. Williams written to my father in 1867, thirty-eight years before.

Mr. Williams replied within a day or two, and as a voucher for himself sent to me a Civil War time photograph of my father, which he had carefully preserved for more than forty years. The two young men were second cousins, it appeared from the correspondence. Mr. Williams' mother and Grandfather William Jones were first cousins, and the mothers of these first cousins were sisters.

For the next few years, till his death in November, 1910, Mr. Williams and I carried on a frequent and voluminous correspondence. He himself translated the two Welsh letters referred to, also a third letter which had been sent to him from Wales in 1854, and by him forwarded to my grandfather for his information and which had been in our family keeping for half a century. All three of the letters had been written by my grandfather's youngest brother, Morris Jones, who recited in them various items of family news, concerning marriages and deaths, and some discouraging comments on the poor crops and the low prices of farm products.

In his letters to me, Mr. Williams gave what family history he knew and many pressing invitations to visit him in Racine. Finally in the summer of 1908, after attending the Republican convention in Chicago, I went up to Racine and spent several days with our Welsh relatives at 731 College avenue, where they had long resided. I also enjoyed meeting some of his fellow countrymen of whom there were then considerably more than a thousand in Racine and vicinity, many of them prosperous farmers and busi-

ness men. I attended their new church and heard the services conducted in an ancestral language that was as strange to me as any other foreign tongue.

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A Few of the Welsh Ancestors and Their Home Near Dyffryn, North Wales

Resuming then the story of our Welsh ancestry, let me repeat that Grandfather William Jones was born in 1796 on a farm called Caetani, in Merionethshire, North Wales. According to Mr. Williams, who furnished me with all the Welsh lore that follows, the farm of Caetani was located in the parish of Llanddwywe, or in English, Saint Dwywe. In England and Wales, a parish signifies a certain district, containing a national church, namely the Church of England.

Caetani was a small farm of very level land at the foot of a hill. Translated into English, Caetani means "under the hill." Various portions of the farm were cut from it during recent times, and in 1908 what was left was sold for 800 pounds to Mr. Owen, the tenant of the place.

There is another parish adjoining it, called Llanenddwyn, containing two hamlets and a village called Dyffryn-Ardudwy. The latter portion of the hyphenated name is now generally dropped and the village is known as Dyffryn. The post office, stores, churches (called chapels), mills, etc., are located there. Dyffryn was the nearest village to Caetani, although actually the farm was in another parish. "Dyffryn" signifies a vale or valley, and it lies in a strip of land eight or ten miles long and two to four miles wide along Cardigan Bay, with a range of mountains back of it. Traveling by the London and Northwestern Railway from Chester to Bangor and Carnarvon, Dyffryn is the next station beyond Harlech . Or going via the Great Western Railway to the famous watering place Barmouth, Dyffryn is four or five miles from that resort.

William Jones was the son of Shion or Sion Evan, the English equivalent of which is John Evans, and his wife Ann Williams.

John and Ann had ten sons and one daughter, the

girl being the youngest. As the proud mother used to say: "I have ten sons and a sister to every one of them."

All of these eleven children of John Evans took the surname of Jones, which is the plural or the possessive of John. Some accounts say that the custom was to use the plural, others say the possessive, of the father's Christian name as the surname for the children. John being the most commonly used Christian name, we can readily understand then why so many Welsh people nowadays are blessed with the name of Jones.

According to Thomas Lloyd Williams, my grandfather, William Jones was probably the oldest of these ten sons, or, at any rate, very near the oldest. Next to him came Hugh, followed by Thomas, then came two whose names we do not know. Next was Edward, followed by two more, names now not known. The ninth and tenth sons were David and Morris. Unfortunately, we do not know the name of the baby sister. All of the children grew up, and I believe they were all married. William emigrated to America, eight sons went to London and prospered, and the youngest son, Morris, remained on the farm, Caetani.

From the letter written by Morris in 1840 to William, it would appear that another one of their brothers was named Robert.

The father of this interesting family, John Evans or Sion Evan, died December 16, 1839, at the age of 88. His wife died about two months later at the age of 75, and was buried February 17, 1840. Both parents were placed in the same grave, the first burials in the new churchyard at Horeb chapel. Previous to that time, it might be added, all burials were in the churchyard of the parish church. This was several years after William Jones had emigrated to the United States.

When I was in Racine, in 1908, I met an old lady of 85 years who said she knew John Evans in the old country, she being a young girl at the time, and she particularly "remembered what a fine looking corpse he was as he lay in his coffin." A grewsome detail, but as an historical fact deserving of mention.

Of the ancestry of my great-grandfather John Evans, I have no information. His wife, who was Ann Williams before her marriage, was the daughter of William Edwards

and Louri ————, all of whose children by that same old Welsh custom took the name of Williams.

The English equivalent of Louri is Laura.

William and Louri Edwards had five children: Ann, Catherine, Edward, who died about 1840; Ellin and Margared, the last two being twins. Ann was my father's grandmother and Catherine was the grandmother of Thomas Lloyd Williams.

William Edwards was born in 1736 and died in 1808. His wife, Louri, maiden name not now known, was born in 1735 and died at Bennerisaf, June 26, 1834, at the age of 99 years. "Aunt Louri," as she was called, was a famous personage in her time.

Along this line, we can go back still another generation. William Edwards was the son of Edward Griffith. One Welsh way of expressing it would be "William B' Edward," as Mr. Williams told me, B' being the abbreviation of "Ap," meaning "son." A good illustration of the way some names are formed is the Welsh name Prichard, which really is Ap Richard, that is, "son of Richard."

Edward Griffith, who was the earliest Welsh ancestor of whom we have present information and who was the great-grandfather of my grandfather William Jones, the Welsh immigrant, was steward of Gorsygedol, Wales. He was born in 1700 and died May 30, 1777. The steward of an estate like Gorsygedol was a person of prominence, having large responsibilities and authority in the management of its business affairs. Who was the wife of Edward Griffith or how many children they had we do not know.

"Gorsygedol," said Mr. Williams, "is one of the most ancient and one of the largest mansions in Merionethshire, with a history running back many centuries. When Charles the Second was a refugee, during the Commonwealth, he stayed at Gorsygedol. The bedroom where he slept was kept intact till my time and the bed was called the 'Hundred Pounds Bed.'"

During one of his visits to Wales, Mr. Williams copied the inscriptions on the gravestones of some of our ancestors. As these "englyns" or stanzas were in Welsh and Mr. Williams did not translate them for me, they are sub-

mitted herewith in all their natural beauty. The englyn on the stone of Edward Griffith and wife is as follows:—

On trallod, hunod anhunedd—cyson—
Cawsom le i orwedd
A dianc yma yn y diwedd
O lwch y byd i luch y bedd

On the gravestone of William Edwards and his wife, Louri, is this englyn:—

Er oesi yn hir is od eich gwely
Yw gwail luch feddrod
Mae geiriau'n ddiogd i ddod—
A'u geilw etto oi gwailod

These englyns, I understand from some of my Welsh friends, are very difficult of exact translation, unless one is well versed in the Welsh language, and particularly in englynion writing. I submitted the two inscriptions to a prominent Welsh-American business man of Boston, John W. Davies, and he gave me the general meaning of the first englyn about as follows:—

"Out of the tribulation and constant unrest we found a place to repose, fleeing in the end from the dust of the world to the confines of the grave."

In the early centuries, our Welsh ancestors were adherents of the established church. In later generations they became non-conformists, belonging to an organization which had some of the attributes of the Presbyterian and of the Methodist churches. "The Welsh Calvinist Church of Wales," said Mr. Williams, "is known now outside of Wales as 'The Presbyterian Church of Wales.' It is Calvinistic (moderate) in doctrine and Presbyterian in discipline and church government."

An article by Rev. Richard Humphries, a native of Dyffryn, appearing in the "Methodist," a monthly periodical published in 1855, gives an extended account of "Aunt Louri," our ancestor, some twenty or more years after her death. It was translated for me by Mr. Williams. Quoting from this article, it appears that "Aunt Louri was born

four years before the great ice, and in that year her parents removed from Farch Ynys (meaning Horse Island Farm), which is six miles from Dolgelly, to a farm called Eithin Fynydd (meaning Gorse Mount) in Dyffryn-Ardudwy. She walked all the way, which is eight to ten miles to Gorse Mount, over a chain of mountains, when four years old. She crossed many a mount, valley and declivity on her two feet.

"She was brought up in plenty as well as in labor. She was tall and handsome in her day. She was married between 25 and 30. She had four daughters, three of them alive yet (1855), and all respectable women, fair of appearance and systematic. She had one son who is yet alive and well and has been a comfort to his mother as long as she lived."

The article then goes on to tell of the great common sense of Aunt Louri, who was known and loved far and near, a remarkable woman in intellect to the time of her death at the age of 99 years. The author of the article, who apparently was also a relative of the old lady, speaks of an interview he had with her about a year before she died. He asked of her the age-old question as to "whether the world is getting worse in spite of all the preaching, Sabbath schools and all the efforts for its improvement." A part of her reply may be of interest, in which she said:

"I remember well the world was very bad at the time when I was a little girl. Merry nights, singing with harps, the interludes, cards, playing tennis, etc., etc. * * * The Sabbath was a day of song and dance when first I can remember. * * * Everybody was the same. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' and there was no one better than his neighbor."

Her opinion evidently was that all people were bad at that early period — the middle of the eighteenth century.

Speaking of things nearly a century later, she says: "Now there are two kinds of people, some endeavoring to improve the world and to keep down its bad habits. There are now both good and bad to be seen. When I was young, only bad and worse."

From a book entitled "A History of Methodism in Merionethshire," is translated an article regarding Grandfather Jones' father, Sion or Shion Evan, Caetani. He is

spoken of as "an elder for upwards of 40 years, a strong man in the scriptures, unwavering in his moral life and steadfast in his belief, a pillar in the church, of even temper. The change of religious temperature did not affect him in the least. He had a great measure of judgment and in the estimation and conscience of those that knew him he was an important character."

Morris Jones, the youngest of the ten sons of Sion Evans, and the one who remained on the farm, was also spoken of as a man of great religious strength, an elder for many years, a zealous worker in the early temperance movement who in 1840 traveled extensively in Wales, lecturing for the cause. He died in February, 1890, at the age of 79.

In this connection it is interesting, however, to read this line in one of Mr. Williams' letters: "I think several of Morris Jones's brothers were in the brewing business in London and got well off."

Writing to me in 1905, Mr. Williams said: "I well remember the parents of William Jones, a most pious and Godly people. On their gravestone was this verse: 'And they were both righteous.' Eight sons went to London and became successful business men. One of them was a clock and watch maker and lost his life by falling from a church tower while repairing the town clock. One son, Morris, was a farmer, carrying on the farm known as Caetani, where they were all born, in the parish of Llanddwywe, Merionethshire, North Wales. The only daughter married a brother of my father and lived in the parish of Llanfihengel. They were childless, I believe. Some of the sons who went to London would occasionally visit their brother at Caetani, also their wives and children. I can remember how stylish they dressed compared with us country people. Morris Jones was the only one of the brothers that I was really acquainted with. He was the singing leader of the neighborhood and was very religiously inclined.

"The sons of Caetani were noted for two things, — they were tall, with powerful frames, and exceptionally handsome, and better than all, most intellectually endowed men. I think that William Jones, your grandfather, went to America in the eighteen-thirties, or thereabouts. I can

remember my mother, speaking of her cousin William Jones, Caetani, who had emigrated to America.

"When I came over in 1850, I resolved to get a trace of him if possible. The way I found him was by procuring a directory of Boston. In it I found a number of William Joneses. Then I wrote to them all, but received no answer. Subsequently I wrote to an Edward Jones, another Welsh name in the directory, at the 'Gas Works, Boston' and he sent me your grandfather's address."

Mr. Williams said that he finally came to Boston in the spring of 1864, a few months after the death of William Jones, and he saw the son, William E. Jones and his mother. Singularly enough, he adds, the son was employed as a salesman for the same dry goods establishment on Franklin street from which he had bought goods for his Racine store for many years.

"I have a very vivid recollection of William Jones' widow, and how she looked," said Mr. Williams. "She seemed a very kind and amiable woman, a typical New Englander. She spoke very tenderly of her late husband and told me how in his last sickness his mind wandered to his native land and how he spoke the old dear Welsh language, but no one could understand him. He recalled the names of his brothers and places in Wales."

Some Other Welsh Relatives

In the Welsh letter written to his elder brother William Jones, from Dyffryn, October 1, 1834, young Morris Jones, among other things, conveys these bits of genealogical information: "The old woman, our grandmother, (known as Aunt Louri) is dead. Our brother Hugh is married at London. She is a Welsh woman, reared at Machynlleth, named Jane Scott."

Morris Jones was at that time probably about 23 years old. As he was 79 years old when he died in 1890, he was apparently born about 1811. His widow, who was somewhat younger than her husband, died in 1908, at the age of 86.

Writing to my grandfather April 7, 1840, Morris Jones says: "My father and mother are dead and buried within seven weeks of each other. Mother was buried February 17, both in the same grave at Horeb chapel.

My father was 88 and my mother 75. Mother was not well after father died. My brother David married six years ago, Jane Davies, daughter of Evan Davies, of Brynyfelin (Mill Hill). Both are residing at Brynyfelin, running the blacksmith.

"I am here at home in Caetani. My brothers are living happily in London and they fare well. Robert has been married over two years with a woman from near Bala. Thomas has got married the second time with a rich widow worth a great deal of money. Hugh is married."

Further on the writer speaks of "the death of my cousin Catherine, of Pontfadog (the mother of Thomas Lloyd Williams) and her sister within a week of each other. My uncle, Edward Williams, died suddenly." Edward Williams was the brother of Morris Jones' mother, Ann (Williams) Evans.

Seven of the children of Morris Jones, all of them first cousins of my father, William E. Jones, were still living in recent years. Writing to me in November, 1906, Thomas Lloyd Williams speaks of receiving a letter from a second cousin of his, Robert J. Williams, postmaster of Dyffryn, who was also second cousin of my father, and adds: "There are several children of Morris Jones surviving: Catherine Williams, Handleth Terrace, Barmouth; John, Marine Terrace, Barmouth; Mary Ann in Bolton, Lancashire, Eng.; Edward in Manchester, Eng.; Eliza (Davies) living with her sister, Mary Jones, Fronhyfryd, Llanaber, near Barmouth; and Margaret, who is wife of Mr. E. R. Jones, postmaster of Barmouth."

Nearly four years later, June, 1910, Thomas Lloyd Williams quotes Robert J. Williams as saying that "Catherine, the eldest daughter of my uncle Morris Jones, was with me when my sister Margaret and my brother Hugh died. She is a widow and makes her home with her daughter at Barmouth. She has another daughter living at Abergele, between Chester and Bangor. Her husband is a butcher and does a good business. The family of Hugh Jones are still in London. He used to be in a warehouse. David Jones' descendants are living."

"Hugh and David," adds T. L. W., "were brothers of William Jones." Hugh Jones had a son Hugh about the same age as T. L. W.

From another letter about the same time, it appears that Hugh Williams, brother of R. J. Williams and son of Hugh Williams, died in May, 1910, a single man, at the age of 71, and the writer adds that "R. J. W. is now left alone. When he goes the family is extinct."

Elsewhere my genial and obliging Racine correspondent, T. L. W., says that Hugh Williams, the senior, and father of the Dyffryn postmaster, was the son of William Evans, who in turn was a brother of John Evans, my great-grandfather. Therefore Hugh Williams, the senior, was a first cousin of William Jones, my Welsh grandfather; and Robert J. Williams, the postmaster, Hugh the junior, and Margaret Williams, as children of Hugh the senior, were second cousins of my father, William Edward Jones.

It is interesting to note here that the children of William Evans took the surname of Williams, just as the children of John Evans, his brother, took the surname of Jones. Apparently also the old and perplexing custom of changing the surnames from generation to generation was not followed, by some at least, in the succeeding generation, because we see that the children of Hugh Williams, the senior, took the surname of Williams, just as in this country my father took the surname of Jones from his father, William Jones. What was the practice of the children of the Jones brothers who remained on the other side of the ocean, I do not know. They may have been Joneses, or they may have had the surname of Hughes or Davies or Morris or Thomas or Edwards or Roberts or some of the other Christian names of their fathers.

All this complicated story of Welsh connections may appear to us too tedious for present contemplation. Nevertheless, I am giving it permanent form, because sometime in the future somebody else may desire just this information.

Doubtless enough has been given regarding our Jones, Williams and Evans families to suggest the difficulties that would beset a student of genealogy when he starts out to discover his Welsh ancestry. But such an undertaking would be a pleasure trip compared with attempting an exploration into anybody's Scandinavian ancestry with all the Bensons, Johnsons, Swensons and other similar names.

Would that I had known even a small portion of this Welsh lore a few years earlier.

In April, 1903, my wife and I passed through North Wales on the way from Dublin and Holyhead to Chester. This was a year or two before I became infected with the genealogical germ, and before I had acquired any definite information as to the location of our ancestral home in Wales. Consequently we rode through the beautiful scenery of the country, greatly admiring what we saw from the car windows, but without sufficient interest to spend any time in visiting or exploring. My ignorance at the time doubtless hastened the desire to learn more about Wales and our Welsh ancestry so that in our next visit we might know where to go and what to see. But that second visit is still in the future.

Already I have shown that Thomas Lloyd Williams' grandmother, Catherine Williams, was a sister of my father's grandmother, Ann Williams, who married John Evans.

Catherine Williams married Thomas Lloyd. Their daughter, Catherine Lloyd, married Captain Evan Williams, by whom she had five children: Evan, Catherine, Thomas Lloyd Williams, Cadwalader and Barbara.

Thomas Lloyd Williams was born in Dyffryn, December 5, 1830. Emigrating to America in 1850, he settled in Racine, where he became a prosperous and highly respected citizen, a strong Unionist during the Civil War and an ardent Republican for the remainder of his long life. Successful in his own business dealings, he was the adviser of many who sought his counsel. He was honored by his fellow citizens by election to public offices, such as assessor and ward supervisor. He was active in the affairs of the Welsh Presbyterian church and for fifty years was a Sunday School teacher. He settled many estates. Frequently he wrote for the Welsh papers and in other ways made himself a useful member of the community throughout his life. He died in Racine, November 24, 1910, within two weeks of his eightieth birthday.

His wife was Catherine Owen. They had one daughter, Barbara Jane Williams, who married Richard Howell Jones, of Racine, in August, 1906. Barbara and her hus-

band and fourteen-year-old son, Gordon, reside at 1109 College avenue, Racine.

As far as I know they are the only relatives of Welsh extraction that we have in this country. And yet it is extremely probable that among the children and grandchildren of my grandfather's nine brothers a few, at least, and possibly a good many of them, have since come to America. Diligent inquiry, however, among scores of people by the name of Jones has never revealed any of them.

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The New Hampshire Ancestry Back to Valentine Hill, the Immigrant

Tracing the family history of my paternal grandmother, Hannah Drew (Hill) Jones, has been more fruitful in its genealogical results than has been the search for the ancestry of her husband, William Jones, the Welshman.

She was descended from Valentine Hill, who was in Boston in 1636 and later at Piscataqua, rather than from John Hill, who was in Dover in 1649, as stated in the story of my parents, entitled "Two Loyal Bostonians."

Our study of the Hill ancestry started with very little basic information, owing, of course, to the early death of my father and the general indifference then to family history. Fortunately my father had several cousins on the Hill side of the family, and from them my mother and I were able to gather certain facts regarding his immediate ancestors.

A piece of family tradition written down by my mother says: "It is supposed that the first of the Hill family in this country were three brothers and a sister. Two brothers settled at Durham Falls, N. H."

We know that Hannah Drew Hill, my grandmother, was born at Epping, N. H., November 1, 1810, and died at Somerville, February 5, 1870. She was the daughter of Trueworthy Hill and Ruth Mathes.

Trueworthy Hill was born in Northwood, N. H., May 6, 1771, and died in Epping, August 30, 1856. His wife, Ruth, was born in Lee, presumably, and died in Epping, January 31, 1854.

The father of Trueworthy Hill was Benjamin Hill, the Revolutionary soldier, who died in camp at Ticonderoga,

September 17, 1776. His mother was Elizabeth Dudley, daughter of Nicholas Dudley, of Brentwood. She was descended from Thomas Dudley, who came to Boston in 1630, and was the second governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

According to the account on which I had previously relied, but which I am now discarding as incorrect, Benjamin Hill was said to have been the son of Samuel Hill, who was born December 12, 1719, probably at Kittery; grandson of Samuel Hill and Mary (Nelson) Hill; great-grandson of Samuel and Elizabeth (Williams) Hill; and great-great-grandson of John Hill, the immigrant, and Elizabeth (Strong) Hill. This was the line given in the "Genealogical and Personal Memoirs, Relating to the Families of the State of Massachusetts" prepared under the supervision of William Richard Cutter. I repeat that line here for the reason that I had previously mentioned it in print. Nevertheless, I am fully convinced that it is incorrect.

What appears, however, to be the reliable account is that given in the "History of the Town of Durham, N. H., the Oyster River Plantation," by Everett S. Stackpole and Winthrop S. Meserve. These authorities state definitely that Benjamin Hill, who married Elizabeth Dudley, was baptized September 7, 1727, that he was the son of Samuel Hill and Sarah Thompson, who were married June 12, 1718; that he was the grandson of Captain Nathaniel Hill, who was born March 1, 1659, and Sarah Nutter; and great-grandson of Valentine Hill, the immigrant, by his second wife, Mary Eaton, daughter of Theophilus Eaton, one of the founders and first governor of the New Haven colony.

The Hill lines are admittedly hard to trace, partly because the early generations in this country were too busy settling the wilderness and fighting the Indians to give much attention to family records; and partly also because of the fact that there were several Hill families among the early settlers of New Hampshire, all numerously blessed with children, and that they showed a great fondness for calling their sons in all the generations and in all the branches of the families by the old standby names of John, Samuel, Joseph, Benjamin, etc.

For various reasons I believe that the more detailed and circumstantial account given in the history of Dur-

ham, showing that Benjamin Hill, the Revolutionary soldier, was descended from Valentine Hill, is the correct one.

In the first place, the dates are more explicit and much more consistent. Both accounts agree that Benjamin Hill was the son of a Samuel Hill, but the Durham book gives in addition the name of the Benjamin's mother, the date of her marriage, and also the date of his baptism, very important bits of information in deciding which Samuel Hill was his father.

The account on which I had previously relied gave the birth of Benjamin as "about 1745," which would have made him the father of two children when he was only fourteen years old, and only thirty-one years old and the father of ten children when he died at Ticonderoga in 1776. Obviously, the Durham account which places the date of his baptism as September 7, 1727, is more plausible. His alleged father, according to the discarded account, was not born till December 12, 1719, less than eight years before Benjamin was born.

Even more conclusive is the use of the name Valentine, an unusual name in other families, which persists in the lists of Valentine Hill's descendants, and especially among the Mathes family after it married into the Valentine Hill family.

Our immigrant ancestor, Valentine Hill, was an early merchant in Boston and chief owner of large wharf property. He also had other holdings of real estate in various sections of the town. In 1636 he was living in Boston, for he was admitted to the First Church, December 4, of that year. He and Jacob Elyott were ordained deacons of the church March 17, 1640. Four days previously he had been made a freeman. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was organized on the first Monday of June, 1638, and he was among the fifty-seven recruits taken in soon after its inception. Chosen a selectman December 6, 1641, he was re-elected in 1642-3-4-5-6, and served till March 18, 1647.

In 1642-3 he had large grants of land at Oyster River, Dover, now a part of Durham, N. H., and removed there in 1649. He was representative for Dover in the house of deputies at Boston 1652-5 and 1657, New Hampshire being

then a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He was also appointed associate justice of the court in Dover.

The first wife of Valentine Hill was Frances Freestone, who was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1610 and died in Boston, December 17, 1644-5. His second wife, whom he married before 1647, was Mary, daughter of Governor Theophilus Eaton, of the New Haven colony. She was admitted to the church March 3, 1647. Valentine died in 1661. His widow married Ezekiel Knight of Wells, Me., and died April 24, 1708. Besides several children who died in infancy, Valentine Hill had Hannah by his first wife, born January 17, 1638, married Antipas Boyce; and by the second wife: Samuel, born October 9, 1648; Mary, born October 29, 1649, who married Rev. John Buss; Elizabeth, baptized March 23, 1651; and Nathaniel, who was born March 1, 1659 or 1660, and married Sarah Nutter.

The famous "Book of Possessions," which dates from about 1643 or 1645, and the various early deeds and other documents reveal some interesting facts regarding the extensive land holdings in Boston of Valentine Hill during the dozen or more years that he lived in the town.

His house and garden were on Washington street, opposite the office of the Boston Globe. As the histories say, this was probably the location of the building from which the first newspaper, the Boston News Letter, was published in 1704. This property Valentine Hill sold in 1645 to William Davies. Strangely enough, it was probably the identical spot where Grandfather Preble had his tailor shop for a score of years, more than two centuries later, at the old 97 Washington street.

Other important holdings of Valentine Hill included valuable wharf property in the North End, notably at Hudson's Point, which was about where the North End Park is now located. He also had several lots on North street, near Dock square; also on Hanover street, near Union street; on Washington street, just north of Court street; and on Cambridge street. From Bowdoin square and Cambridge street his pasture extended a considerable distance up Beacon Hill, not quite as far as the summit where the beacon was located, for that portion was owned by Robert Turner. Through this pasture, Bowdoin street was afterward laid out. Further down Cambridge street toward

the river, he had another lot, through which Chambers street was afterward constructed. On Bowdoin and Chambers streets were the church and the chapel which my parents and grandparents attended two centuries later.

Other land held by Valentine Hill included a lot at the corner of State and Exchange streets, which was taken in recent years for the widening of the latter street. Two lots further down State street on the same side were also owned by him. In what is now Liberty square he had a bridge across the creek on the line of the present Kilby street, at its junction with Water street. He likewise had a shore lot near the head of South Market street, close to Dock square, which at that time was under water.

This sounds like a fairy tale, but certainly if any of his descendants owned all this property today he would be the John Jacob Astor of Boston.

Captain Nathaniel Hill, son of Valentine Hill, married Sarah, daughter of Anthony and Sarah (Langstaff) Nutter, of Welshman's Cove, and granddaughter of Elder Hatevil Nutter, of Dover Neck. He inherited his father's farm of 500 acres at Oyster River Falls. On September 13, 1697 Nathaniel Hill, only son and heir of Valentine Hill, renounced in open town meeting all rights to Oyster River Falls, granted to his father. He was chosen deacon April 3, 1718, and was prominent as an official in church and town. "He gradually lost his reason and spent the last six months of his life at the residence of his son-in-law, Captain Benjamin Mathes." His will dated January 6, 1741, was probated April 28, 1742.

There is an interesting account of Elder Hatevil Nutter in a book of "Historical Memoranda of Ancient Dover, N. H.," by our old friend, Rev. Alonzo Hall Quint, D. D., and others, a volume, by the way, which contains scores of references to our New Hampshire ancestors. From this book it appears that Hatevil Nutter, elder and occasional preacher, was born in England in 1603 or thereabouts. He was probably in the company which came from England in 1633 to Dover Neck. At any rate, he testified at a later date that he was in Dover in 1637.

The son, Anthony Nutter, probably born in England in 1630, was also a man of note, a corporal in 1667, lieutenant in 1668, a selectman and representative. "His house at

Bloody Point was a garrison of which he was commander-in-chief." His death occurred February 19, 1685-6.

In this volume, the author says that the elder was "a very respectable man who filled many offices in church and state and was possessed of a reasonable share of this world's goods; these considerations procured for him that respect which the moral worth of a rich man always excites." Further he says the elder was "conspicuous and active in the prosecution of the Quakers. He was an able and influential man and stood up boldly and conscientiously for the church and the teachings of sound doctrine as he understood it." He died February 1, 1674-5.

Reference has been made to Anthony Nutter, son of Hatevil Nutter of Dover. He was a freeman in 1666, representative in Massachusetts in 1674 and 1676; member of the council in New Hampshire in 1682, and died February 19, 1686. His wife, Sarah Langstaff, was the daughter of Henry Langstaff, who came to Portsmouth in 1631, or soon afterward, with the colonists sent over by Mason, the patentee. Henry was on the grand jury in 1643; was at Dover in 1648. He died from a fall, July 18, 1705, nearly 100 years old.

The children of Captain Nathaniel Hill were: Valentine, who married a granddaughter of Edward Hall, of Newfields; Samuel, who married Sarah Thompson; Sarah, born July, 1698, in Newington, married December 15, 1720, Daniel Warner, of Portsmouth; Abigail, who married December 17, 1716, Benjamin Mathes; and Mary, who married James Burnham. We are descended from the son Samuel and also from the daughter Abigail, who married Benjamin Mathes, as we shall see later.

In the third generation the son, Samuel Hill, married Sarah, daughter of John and Sarah (Woodman) Thompson, June 12, 1718. He died before April 2, 1767. He had the following children: Mary, baptized February 15, 1718-19, married Thomas Chesley; Abigail, baptized April 10, 1720; Samuel, born October 6, and baptized October 13, 1721, married Abigail Huckins; Nathaniel, baptized December 15, 1723; Jonathan; Sarah; Benjamin, our ancestor, baptized September 7, 1727, married Betty Dudley; Robert; Valentine; Joseph; and John, — eleven in all.

According to some of the old reckonings, the year began on March 25, which accounts for the double naming of

the year; for example, February 15, 1718-9, in the preceding paragraph.

Our ancestor of the fourth generation was Benjamin Hill, who married Betty or Elizabeth Dudley, daughter of Nicholas Dudley, of Brentwood. He lived successively in Durham, Epping, Deerfield, Brentwood, and Northwood. In the fifth generation our ancestor was Trueworthy, a son of Benjamin, and in the sixth generation, Trueworthy's daughter, Hannah Drew Hill, our grandmother.

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Benjamin Hill, of Northwood, Soldier of the Revolution

Benjamin Hill, one of our Revolutionary ancestors and grandfather of Hannah Drew Hill, was born in September, 1727, probably in Durham. The definite date given for his baptism, September 7, 1727, indicates the year of his birth. Early in his career he went to Brentwood and married Elizabeth Dudley, the daughter of Nicholas Dudley of that town. She died in 1810 or 1811, having borne him ten children.

In 1771, Benjamin Hill and family settled in what is now the town of Northwood, a few miles further out in the wilderness, probably a few weeks before the son Trueworthy was born.

Northwood has been an outlying section of Nottingham, and was first settled about 1763. It was so far distant from the centre of business of the town that the inhabitants of the region petitioned the general court of New Hampshire early in 1773 for an act of incorporation as a separate town. The petition was granted February 6, 1773, and on March 23, 1773, a meeting of the inhabitants of the new town of Northwood was held at one of their homes and the town was duly organized. At that meeting Benjamin Johnson was chosen moderator; Increase Batchelder, clerk, and Benjamin Hill, Joseph Demerit and Samuel Johnson, selectmen. Benjamin Hill was selectman in 1774 also. The town had a population of 313 in 1775.

For most of these historical facts regarding Benjamin Hill, I am indebted to E. C. Cogswell's "History of Nottingham, Deerfield and Northwood," which goes on to say

that: "On March 21st, 1775, Benjamin Hill was appointed a delegate to the provincial congress holden at Exeter and the question was earnestly discussed respecting their duty in the threatening aspect of affairs. The meeting was adjourned to April 22, when it was voted 'to be equipt at a moment's warning.'"

In the spring of 1776, sixty-two of the men of Northwood, among them Benjamin Hill, signed the pledge, recommended by the continental and the provincial congresses, promising "that we will to the utmost of our power, at the risque of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

About that time or soon afterward, Benjamin Hill joined the army, serving at first as a private, later as sergeant in Captain Joseph Chandler's company of Colonel Wyman's regiment. His oldest son, Nicholas Dudley Hill, then seventeen years old, went with him. The wife and nine children were left at home. Benjamin Hill, the father, died of fever and ague while in camp at Ticonderoga, N. Y., September 17, 1776.

The ten children of Benjamin and Elizabeth were: Sally, who married Samuel Sherborne, November 20, 1775, and died in 1785; Nicholas Dudley, born March 1, 1759, was a soldier in the Revolution, married Mary Crockett, November 12, 1782, died December 19, 1838; Elizabeth, married Nathaniel Dearborn and lived in Vershire, Vt.; Jonathan, born May 27, 1763, married Abigail Tilton, died May 8, 1854; Benjamin, married Lydia Bunker, of Barnstead; Samuel, baptized October 25, 1767, married May 27, 1792, Judith Carr, of Epping; Trueworthy, our ancestor, born in Northwood, May 6, 1771; Abigail, married February 13, 1831, Benjamin Rowe, of Allenstown; Deborah, born in 1773, married July 15, 1792, John Prescott, of Epsom; Noah, born February 9, 1775, married April, 1797, Anna Parker.

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Trueworthy Hill and the Epping Farmhouse

Our ancestor, Trueworthy Hill, was thrice married. His first wife was Hannah Drew, whom he married November 12, 1792. She was not the mother of our grand-

mother Hannah Drew (Hill) Jones, but that is where grandmother evidently derived her name. His second wife was a Miss or Mrs. Chapman, and his third wife whom he married in 1808 was Ruth Mathes, daughter of Samuel Mathes.

It is possible that the maiden name of the Widow Chapman was Mathes. A memorandum made about 1880 by my mother, who evidently got the information from Annie (Davis) French, cousin of my father, states that "Trueworthy Hill had three wives, two of whom were named Mathes."

By his first wife he had four children: Sally, who married a Mr. Jones, of Middleton, and died young, leaving children; Betsey, who married Samuel Crockett, of Northwood, and had six sons and two daughters; Benjamin, who settled in Boston, where he died in middle life, leaving several children; Trueworthy D., unmarried, who died in Concord, N. H., April 20, 1871, age 70 years, 3 months.

There were no children by the second wife.

By his third wife, Ruth Mathes, he had two daughters, Hannah Drew Hill, who was my grandmother, born November 1, 1810, and Ruth, born in 1812.

For many years this sturdy couple, Trueworthy and Ruth, continued to live in the old Epping farmhouse on the banks of the North River. The mother died January 31, 1854, and the father August 30, 1856. They were both buried on the edge of the field or pasture, a few hundred feet from the house, their graves marked only by rough pasture boulders.

An old clipping in one of our family scrapbooks taken from the Dover Gazette in 1856 gives the following obituary notice of our great-grandfather Trueworthy Hill:—

Epping, August 30, of erysipelas, Mr. Trueworthy Hill, aged 85 years, 3 months, 24 days. Mr. Hill was a native of Northwood, N. H., and the last remaining of a family of ten children, all of whom were heads of families, — three sons lived to be 80 each, one over 90 years. He was the son of Benjamin Hill, who died in camp at Ticonderoga while in the service of his country during the Revolutionary struggle for the liberty we now enjoy, when the subject of this notice was about five years old, yet he ever remembered the circumstance and in after years would refer to it as a citation for his children to use all their influence for the good of the whole United States and the perpetuity of the liberty which our forefathers fought and died to gain. He retained his faculties

in a remarkable degree and could read and understand as well as for many years past, having since the death of his wife, which was two years last January the 31st day, read his Bible through three times and as far as Mark the fourth time; it seemed to be his greatest comfort while journeying to the tomb, but he has passed on a little while before us and left in peace with God and all mankind.

Then follow two verses of poetry and the request for Massachusetts and Illinois printers to copy.

We still have the great family Bible, given by my grandmother to her mother, and I can readily believe that this book, with its large print, was the very Bible which the old man long past his eightieth birthday read so many times.

Except for a brief visit when I was nine months old, my first pilgrimage to the ancestral home in Epping was in the summer of 1909, with Cousin Hannah Rosar acting as guide and an old horse and buggy as the conveyance. We easily found the house, which is located in the triangle formed by the North river, a tributary of the Lamprey, on one side, the North River road in front and the high railroad enbankment in the rear.

Near the farmhouse was a signboard pointing to "Epping Corner three miles"; in the opposite direction "Lee Hill four miles" and "Wadley's Falls two miles." The railroad station at Lee was about one mile distant.

When Grandmother Hannah Hill was born, railroads were not even thought of. They did not come into existence till a generation later.

Many years ago the old Portland and Rochester line, now a part of the Worcester, Nashua and Portland division of the Boston and Maine railroad, was built across Trueworthy Hill's farm, which also extended along both sides of the river, and included the picturesque little island adjacent to the house.

In all probability, the house was originally one story and attic in height, but now it is two and one-half stories high. It stands close to the road with its front broadside facing the highway. The room on the ground floor to the

left of the front door, as you face the house, is the one in which Hannah Hill was born November 1, 1810, so Hannah Rosar told me. We looked into the windows, and also examined the exterior of the house and the outbuildings.

Then she led me down a grass-grown lane that slants off from the main highway, and a few hundred feet from the house on the edge of the field found several boulders, like those from an ordinary stone wall. Three of these, she said, marked the graves of my great-grandparents, Trueworthy and Ruth Mathes Hill and my grandfather, William Jones, the Welshman. One solitary marble headstone was in the group, marking the grave of Grandmother's half-brother, Trueworthy D. Hill, who died in 1871, and who had owned the farm after the death of his father.

My next visit was in July, 1928, with my nephew, Robert B. Jones and his wife, Lois, piloted this time by the veteran educator, Channing Folsom, of Newmarket. I was then probably the only remaining person who could identify the place.

We found the occupants of the house at home and were cordially invited to enter. We saw the old fireplaces in the different rooms and the general plan of the house. From our inspection, it was very evident that the house had been enlarged since its original erection by the addition of an upper story, for the ceilings of the rooms down stairs were only six and one half feet high, while in the second story they were eight feet high.

We also visited the unprotected graveyard on the edge of the field which was then grown over with bushes. The solitary headstone had toppled over and was flat on its face, but after some effort we were able to lift it up and read the inscription.

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Dudley, Gilman and other Lines

Going back along the Dudley line is a comparatively easy and at the same time a very delightful task. Genealogists regard the Dudley strain as one of the strongest and most prolific of the early New England families. The progenitor of the family in this country, of course, was Thomas Dudley, second governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony, who came over in 1630 on the same ship with Governor John Winthrop.

Grandmother Hannah D. (Hill) Jones was the granddaughter of Elizabeth Dudley of Brentwood, and Benjamin Hill, of Northwood, as already stated. The parents of Elizabeth Dudley were Nicholas Dudley, who was born in Exeter, N. H., August 27, 1694, and died in Brentwood in July, 1766; and Elizabeth Gordon, of Exeter.

Nicholas Dudley's parents were Stephen Dudley, who was born probably in Exeter, married December 24, 1684, and died at Exeter, January 24, 1734; and Sarah Gilman.

Stephen Dudley's parents were Samuel Dudley, of Exeter, who was born in England, came to this country with his parents; and Elizabeth ————. And Samuel Dudley's parents were Governor Thomas Dudley and Dorothy Yorke, daughter probably of Edmond Yorke.

Elizabeth Gordon, wife of Nicholas Dudley, was the daughter of Nicholas Gordon, of Exeter, who was born March, 1666, and died in 1748. The parents of Nicholas Gordon were Alexander Gordon and Mary ————. Alexander's name was on the Exeter town list October 10, 1664.

The Gilman line is also of interest as from it have sprung many of the leading families of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Sarah Gilman, of Exeter, who married Stephen Dudley, was born February 25, 1667, married December 24, 1684, and died January 24, 1713. Her parents were Captain John Gilman, of Exeter, who was born in England, baptized May 23, 1626, married June 30, 1654, and died July 24, 1708; and Elizabeth Treworgy or Trueworthy, who died September 8, 1719.

Captain John Gilman was one of the first councillors under the provincial charter of 1680, a judge, speaker of the House, a military man, and the father of six sons and ten daughters, all, I think, by the same mother, Elizabeth Treworgy.

His parents were Edward Gilman and Mary Clark, both born in England; married June 3, 1614. Edward was of Welsh lineage; came with his wife, three sons, two daughters and three servants to Hingham in 1638; was a freeman March 13, 1639; removed to Rehoboth in 1643, and soon afterward to Ipswich, where he was a selectman in 1649; sold his Hingham estate October 1, 1652, and settled in Exeter; died in 1655.

Elizabeth Treworgy who married John Gilman, of Exeter, June 30, 1654, was the daughter of James Treworgy and Catherine Shapleigh, who were married perhaps in England and came from Cornwall to Kittery in 1636. The name Treworgy is later spelled Trueworthy and goes through several of the later generations of the family as a Christian or given name. Catherine Shapleigh was the daughter of Alexander Shapleigh or Shapley, who settled in Kittery in 1642.

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Thomas Dudley, Founder of Cambridge

Our most illustrious Massachusetts ancestor, Thomas Dudley, came with his family to New England in the summer of 1630. In his book on "Boston," Henry Cabot Lodge says that Dudley "was one of the most conspicuous and noble figures among the leaders of the early immigration. He had alternated in the supreme office with Winthrop; with the exception of Winthrop there was probably no man to whom the people looked up with more reverence and respect."

He was the son of Captain Roger Dudley, who was one of the soldiers sent over to France by Queen Elizabeth to aid Henry of Navarre to establish his throne and was killed in 1586 in the battle of Ivry, which Macaulay describes in his thrilling poem. Thomas was only ten years old when his father was killed. His mother was probably of a religious family and the son, Thomas, who was brought up by his mother's relatives, became a noted Puritan. A man of recognized business capacity, trained in the law, he was a person of influence long before he emigrated to America at the age of 53, having successfully managed for many years the large estates of the Earl of Lincoln.

His wife, Dorothy Yorke, daughter of Edmond Yorke, was a woman of decided intellectual attainments, and their children took from both parents, by inheritance as well as by association, many of their noble qualities.

So much about Thomas Dudley can be obtained in the histories and genealogies that there is no need for extended repetition here. The inscription on the Dudley

gate at Harvard University briefly tells the story as follows:—

In memory of Thomas Dudley, Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Baptized October 12, 1576, at Yardley, Hastings, England. Married at Hardingstone, England, Dorothy Yorke, April 25, 1603, and at Roxbury, Massachusetts, Catherine Hagburne, widow, April 14, 1644. Died at Roxbury, July 31, 1653.

In 1597, he received a captain's commission from Queen Elizabeth and was at the siege of Amiens under Henry IV of France.

One of the twelve signers of the Cambridge agreement August 26, 1629. Sailed from Southampton, England, in the "Arbella," March 22, 1630. Chosen Deputy Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay at a Court of Assistants on board the "Arbella," March 23, 1630.

Arrived at Salem, Massachusetts, June 12, 1630. A Founder and the First Householder of Cambridge, 1631. Deputy Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay 1630-34, 1637-40, 1646-50, 1651-53.

Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay 1634-35, 1640-41, 1645-46, 1650-51.

Assistant of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. Chosen one of the Standing Counsell for the Tearme of His Life, May 25, 1636.

Appointed in 1637 by the General Court at Newtown, one of Twelve men "to take order for a college at Newtown."

Commissioner of the United Colonies, 1647-48, 1649-50.

Appointed Sergeant Major General of the Military Forces of the Colony May 29, 1644.

Signed the Charter, May 31, 1650, of Harvard College.

Buried in the old Cemetery at the corner of Eustis and Washington Streets, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Bequeathed to Harvard University by Caroline Phelps Stokes, 8th in descent from Governor Dudley.

H. & S., '91, architects. MCMXV.

With its heroic bas relief of Governor Dudley, the great curving seats, and the various inscriptions, the Dudley gate is an imposing memorial to one of the foremost men of the early colonial period. It is interesting to note that the architects of the memorial, "H. & S, '91," were Harvard classmates of mine, John Mead Howells, son of William Dean Howells, the author, and Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes, members of the well-known architectural firm of Howells & Stokes.

As the name denotes, the Dudleys were from a family that had been prominent in English history for centuries. In Browning's "Americans of Royal Descent," part of Dudley's pedigree is traced back as far as King Alfred the Great, who ruled from 871 to 901 A. D. Briefly the line of descent as given by Browning is as follows:—

Alfred the Great had a daughter Ethelwida, who married Baldwin II of Flanders; they had Arnolf the Great, count of Flanders; who had a son Baldwin III, count of Flanders; who had Arnolf II, count of Flanders; who had Baldwin IV, count of Flanders; who had Baldwin V, count of Flanders; who had a daughter, Maud, who married William I, king of England, better known as William the Conqueror, who ruled from 1066 to 1087; he had Henry I, king of England; who had a daughter, Maud, or Matilda, who married Geoffrey, count of Anjou; they had Henry II, king of England; who had John, king of England, who had Henry III, king of England; who had Edward I, king of England; who had Edward II, king of England; who had Edward III, king of England from 1327 to 1377; who had Prince Lionel, duke of Clarence; who had a daughter, Philippe, who married Edmund of Marche; they had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Percy; they had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married John, Lord Clifford; they had Thomas, eighth Lord Clifford; who had a daughter, Maud, who married Edward Sutton de Dudley; they had Thomas de Dudley, of London; who had John Dudley, of London; who had Roger Dudley, of Canon's Ashby; who had Thomas Dudley, governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

By his first wife, Dorothy Yorke, Governor Dudley had five children, all born in England. The oldest, Thomas, was a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, from which John Harvard was graduated. It is doubtful if this son ever came to New England. The other four came over at the same time as their parents. These were: Samuel, from whom we are descended; Ann, the talented daughter, then only eighteen years old and already married to Simon Bradstreet, who many years later became governor of the colony; Patience, who married Major General Denison; and Mercy.

Dorothy Dudley, the first wife, died December 27, 1643, and was buried in the old cemetery at Roxbury. The following spring, April 14, 1644, Governor Dudley married Catherine, widow of Samuel Hackburne, whose maiden name was Dighton or Deighton. By this wife he had three children: Deborah; Joseph, who was born in 1647, graduated from Harvard College in 1665, and later in life was

for many years governor of the colony; and Paul. Three months after the governor died, his widow was married to Rev. John Allin, of Dedham.

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Samuel, Stephen and Nicholas Dudley

Samuel Dudley, second son of Thomas Dudley, was also our immigrant ancestor. He was born in Northampton, England, about 1610 — one account says about 1606. A man of great prominence in the early days of the colony, he was a lieutenant in 1631; representative from Salisbury in 1644; for some years was at Hampton; and finally became the minister at Exeter, where he died February 10, 1684.

Thrice married, he was the father of eighteen children. His first wife, whom he married in 1633, was Mary Winthrop, daughter of Governor John Winthrop. She bore him five children and died in Salisbury, April 2, 1643. After her death he married Mary Biley, who also bore him five children, and died in Exeter. For his third wife he married Elizabeth ————, who gave him eight children and died in Exeter.

Our line of descent is through Stephen, the oldest child of Samuel by the third wife. Stephen was born in Exeter and died there in 1734. He also married three times and had eleven children, all, however, by the first marriage. For his first wife he married Sarah Gilman, the 17-year-old daughter of Hon. John Gilman. His second wife was Mary Thing, and his third wife was Mercy Gilman (perhaps a sister of his first wife), who survived him.

In the next generation our ancestor was Nicholas Dudley, the fifth son and fifth child of Stephen and Sarah. He was born in Exeter, August 27, 1694, and died July, 1776, at Brentwood, which had been set off from Exeter in 1742. Nicholas married Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of Nicholas Gordon, and had seven children. According to one historian, "Nicholas Dudley had his share of his father's estate and to that he added considerably by shrewd bargains and good management." His sixth child, Betsey or Elizabeth, was born in Brentwood and married Benjamin

Hill, of Northwood. In his will dated March 25, 1763, Nicholas Dudley left to his daughters, Sarah Robinson and "Betty" Hill and to his grandson, John Dudley, son of Trueworthy Dudley, deceased, the farm "in Brintwood." The will also contained this interesting item: "I give and bequeathe to my daughter Sarah Robinson that negro girl Kate," — a gentle reminder for the present generation that negro slavery existed in New England till long after the Revolution; and that one of our ancestors as late as 1763 owned a negro girl and that her name was Kate.

Nicholas Dudley, the owner of this slave girl, was the great-grandfather of Grandmother Hannah Jones.

All of our four male Dudley ancestors in this country, Thomas, Samuel, Stephen, and Nicholas, had military records, the last three fighting for the protection of their families against the Indians and the French during the various wars that preceded the Revolution. Samuel was a chaplain during King Philip's War; and Stephen also was a soldier during the Indian wars. In an official letter dated April 11, 1724, Nicholas was authorized and required "to keep his house in suitable posture of defence against the Indian enemy."

Samuel Dudley had this remarkable distinction, that four of his family were governors of the Massachusetts Bay colony: His father, Thomas Dudley; his father-in-law, John Winthrop; his brother, Joseph Dudley; and his brother-in-law, Simon Bradstreet.

Still another brother-in-law of Samuel Dudley, John Winthrop, the younger of that name, was governor of Connecticut.

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The Mathews or Mathes Line

By the help of the History of Durham we are able to trace our Mathes ancestry. The mother of Hannah (Hill) Jones was Ruth Mathes, third wife of Trueworthy Hill. Ruth was the daughter of Samuel Mathes and "Ruth Lord of Maine," according to the meagre information that we had in the family. Samuel Mathes was the son of Benjamin Mathes and Abigail Hill whose name has already been mentioned as sister of Samuel Hill and daughter of Captain

Nathaniel Hill and Sarah Nutter. Benjamin Mathes was the son of Captain Francis Mathes; grandson of Captain Benjamin Mathews; and great-grandson of Francis Mathews and his wife, Thomasine Channon, the immigrant ancestors.

Just why the descendants of the immigrant Francis Mathews chose to spell their name Mathes does not appear. Some scribe may have made the original mistake in a legal document, and the rest have followed copy. Or it may have been a case of slurring the pronunciation followed by euphonic spelling.

Our ancestors Francis and Tamsen or Thomasine were married November 22, 1622, at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, birthplace of the poet Coleridge, and had two children baptized there. They came over to Portsmouth, N. H., in Captain John Mason's colony in 1631. Francis Mathews had a lease in 1637 of 100 acres for 1,000 years "on the northwest side of the great island commonly called Muskito Hall." This was at Newcastle, N. H. In 1639 he signed the "Exeter combination." He bought land the following year near the mouth of Oyster river which land has ever since remained in the family. According to the History of Durham, "the location is one of the most attractive in Durham, commanding a wide view of the river and the surrounding lands. The rich soil accounts to a large degree for the prominence of the family." Francis Mathews died in 1648 and his wife Thomasine in 1690. His children were Samuel, Walter, Benjamin, Martha, Catherine and Elizabeth.

Captain Benjamin Mathews, the son, was made a freeman June 21, 1669. His wife, Dorothy, was probably widow of Oliver Kent and daughter of Rev. Joseph Hull, also written Hall. He was still active in 1704.

Captain Francis Mathes was the only son of Captain Benjamin Mathews. He married February 23, 1691-2 Ruth Bennett, probably daughter of Arthur and Mary (Goddard) Bennett. He was captain in the militia, selectman 20 years, representative to the general court, assessor and town clerk. He was one of the leaders in the settlement of Rochester and Canterbury, where he had large grants of land. His death occurred about 1755. His children were: Francis, who married Lydia Drew; Benjamin, who married Abigail Hill, and Abraham, who married Phebe Davis.

Arthur Bennett was born 1640, and married Mary God-

dard, daughter of John Goddard, before 1672. John Goddard, a carpenter, was at Dover Neck in 1648, a freeman in 1653, afterward was at Oyster River, and died about 1659-60. His wife, Welthea, was born in 1621, survived him, remarried and was living in 1705.

Benjamin Mathes of the fourth generation in this country married December 17, 1716, Abigail Hill, daughter of Nathaniel and Sarah (Nutter) Hill. He was baptized December 12, 1724, and died the same day at the age of 31. His children were Benjamin, baptized October 20, 1717; Samuel, baptized January 27, 1722-3, who married Ruth Lord; Valentine, born 1720, married Hannah Burnham; and Abraham.

In the fifth generation, Samuel Mathes married Ruth Lord, "as tradition says and lived in Lee." His will dated May 25, 1785, and probated December 19, 1802, names his wife Ruth and the following children: Benjamin, who married Comfort Smart; Colonel Valentine Mathes; Robert; Abigail; Ruth, who married in 1808, Trueworthy Hill, of Lee; Hannah; Samuel, and Abraham.

This Hannah Mathes, just mentioned, sister of Ruth (Mathes) Hill, was the owner of the diminutive tea spoons marked "H. M." that are owned by some member of the family.

As we have already seen, Ruth Mathes, who married Trueworthy Hill, was the mother of Hannah Drew (Hill) Jones. Her parents were Samuel Mathes and "Ruth Lord of Maine," as we knew the name in the family. The mother, Ruth (Lord) Mathes, was still alive in 1813, according to the will of her spinster daughter, Abigail, who, under date of April 6 of that year, bequeathed to the mother her black silk dress. This will we have long had in our possession, pasted in one of the big scrapbooks.

Wills and deeds, it must be remembered, as well as family Bibles, were the original repositories of a large portion of the present New England genealogical information. In this will Abigail Mathes, of Lee, County of Strafford, State of New Hampshire, provided for the following disposition of her property after paying her funeral charges and all just and lawful debts:—

Imprimus, I give and bequeathe to my beloved sister, Ruth Hill, wife of Trueworthy Hill, my new bed and cloths for the same,

together with curtains belonging to the same, also one heifer, and the one half of my sheep, also my looms, also the one half of my wearing apparel the same to be equally divided between the said Ruth and my sister Hannah Mathes (with this exception my black silk gown which it is my will my loved mother should have). Also my swine three in number the one half to her the other to my sister Hannah.

Item, I give and bequeathe to my niece, Mary Mathes, daughter of my brother Robert Mathes, my gold beads and earrings.

All the rest and residue and remainder I do give and bequeathe to my beloved sister Hannah Mathes of all and every name and nature, etc.

Hannah Mathes was appointed executrix. Samuel Mathes and Jno Osgood were the witnesses to the instrument.

Like many similar documents, this will gives a remarkably concise and vivid picture of the times and also affords desirable genealogical information. I think that the testatrix, Abigail Mathes, did not die till many years afterwards. At any rate we also have in that same scrapbook an old deed dated October 28, 1834, conveying a certain parcel of land and a house in Durham to Abigail and Hannah Mathes.

The Samuel Mathes who attested the will was probably the brother of Abigail, the testatrix. Her father, Samuel, had died several years previously, in 1802.

The Abigail Hill who married Benjamin Mathes, December 17, 1716, was the great-grandmother of my grandmother Hannah (Hill) Jones. She was the owner of the ancient silver spoon of the famous rat-tail design, which has her initials, "A. H", rather crudely engraved on the back of the handle, and which has been a valued heirloom in the family for more than two centuries.

Rev. Hugh Adams was the officiating clergyman at Abigail's wedding.

This same Abigail Hill was the sister of Samuel Hill, our other ancestor, who married Sarah Thompson on June 12, 1718. Consequently, Benjamin Hill, the son of Samuel and Sarah, who married Elizabeth Dudley, was a first cousin of Samuel Mathes, the son of Benjamin Mathes and Abigail Hill. And as a further consequence, Trueworthy Hill, the son of Benjamin Hill and Elizabeth Dudley, was a second cousin of his wife, Ruth Mathes, the daughter of Samuel Mathes and "Ruth Lord of Maine."

Not till I found the interesting and valuable history of Durham was I able to state with any degree of certainty that Abigail Hill, the owner of the old rat-tail spoon, was the wife of Benjamin Mathes or to show that the two lines of our Hill ancestry were really one line and that Trueworthy Hill and his third wife, Ruth Mathes, were second cousins.

Who was the "Ruth Lord of Maine" who married Samuel Mathes, I am at present unable to state. It is extremely likely, however, that she was descended from Nathan or Nathaniel Lord, one of the early settlers of Kittery, Me., unless possibly she was a widow and that Lord was her marriage name.

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Theophilus Eaton, Founder of New Haven

Our Connecticut ancestry is limited to Theophilus Eaton and his wife and daughter Mary, who married Valentine Hill, of Boston and Piscataqua. As Theophilus Eaton was the founder of New Haven in 1637 and governor of that colony for the first twenty years of its existence till his death in 1658, all the histories of Connecticut mention him abundantly.

He was born, according to Savage's "Genealogies," at Stony Stratford in County Bucks, England. His father was minister there and afterward at Coventry. An English authority makes him the son of Richard, vicar of Great Budworth in Cheshire. He was deputy governor of the East Land or Baltic company in London, and by King James was employed as his agent at the Court of Denmark. He had a wife and children who died at London. For his second wife he married Ann, widow of David Yale and daughter of Thomas Morton, bishop of Chester, who had shown kindness to the Puritans. The family seat was in that shire, and the governor in his will devised the estate at Great Budworth in the same county.

In 1637, he came to Boston with Rev. John Davenport and other able men, the wealthiest band that had come from England up to that time. As Boston and the other towns in the Massachusetts colony had so many really capable leaders in office, and the newcomers would have small opportunity to found a state after their own ideas,

they decided to settle somewhere along the shores of Long Island Sound. In the autumn of that year they explored the southern coast of New England and finally selected the present site of New Haven as a suitable place for their abode. After building a hut they left a party of seven men there for the winter. The following spring, 1638, the company set sail from Boston and after a voyage of two weeks arrived at their destination.

The government that Eaton and his followers founded at New Haven was a complete union of church and state, even more of a theocracy than the government of the Massachusetts colony. Today they would be called narrow-minded, religious zealots.

They bought large tracts of land from the Indians, including what was known as Quinnipiac or Quillipiac. That was the name of the colony till it was changed in September, 1640, to New Haven. In the summer of 1639, they laid the foundations of their permanent government. First they set up a church of "seven pillars," including Theophilus Eaton, John Davenport and five others. These "seven pillars" then associated with themselves nine others and on October 25, 1639, they held a court at which these sixteen chose Theophilus Eaton as governor for one year and four others to aid as deputies. Eaton was re-elected governor each year till his death January 7, 1658, at the age of 67.

In May, 1643, when the delegates of the four colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven met in Boston and framed the famous articles of confederation, Massachusetts was represented by John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley; Plymouth by Edward Winslow and William Collier; Connecticut by Edward Hopkins, the son-in-law of Theophilus Eaton, and John Hayes; and New Haven by Theophilus Eaton and Thomas Gregson. The confederation was called the "United Colonies of New England." Each colony was represented by two commissioners, who met annually according to the new arrangement. The second meeting was held at Hartford in 1644, and Edward Hopkins was elected president. In 1646, they met at New Haven, and again in September, 1651, at both of which Eaton was chosen president. In fact, Eaton was one of the commissioners from the beginning till his death.

The population of the four colonies in 1643 was up-

wards of 23,000, scattered about in 49 towns. Of these about 15,000 were living in the thirty Massachusetts towns, extending from Boston to the Piscataqua, and of the remainder about 3,000 in each of the other three colonies. Rhode Island, being settled by what was not considered a congenial lot of people and covering a territory that was claimed by the other colonies, was not invited into the confederation. Neither was Maine, which till that time was under a different type of government.

Eaton's will, dated August 12, 1656, names three children only:—Theophilus, Mary (wife of Valentine Hill, of Boston and Piscataqua), and Hannah, although there were others, but mentions his wife, her son, Thomas Yale, and son-in-law, Edward Hopkins, late governor of Connecticut, then in London, whose death preceded Eaton's by ten months. The inventory included the estate in England of 1,440 pounds. The widow went home to England and died in 1659.

Nathaniel Eaton, brother of Governor Eaton, was the first head of Harvard College, though not given the title of president.

Governor Eaton built a great house on Elm street, New Haven, which contained nineteen fireplaces, and John Davenport built one opposite, said to have had thirteen fireplaces.

The colony erected a monument to Eaton's memory with this inscription:—

> Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just,
> The Phoenix of our world, here hides his dust;
> This name forget, New England never must.

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Certain New Hampshire Relatives

By his third wife, Ruth (Mathes) Hill, Trueworthy Hill had only the two daughters, Hannah Drew Hill, born November 1, 1810, and Ruth Mathes Hill, born June 25, 1812. The latter was twice married. She died December 15, 1869. By her first husband, Moses Davis, Jr., who died

about 1835, at the age of 24, she had two children, Anna M. and Almon M. Davis. Her second husband was Gideon Bacheldor, of Nottingham, by whom she had three children: Hannah Olive, Josiah Alvares and Jennie Bacheldor. These children were cousins of my father. The only ones that we Jones boys ever knew were Anna (or Annie) and Hannah.

Although several years older, I think Annie was my father's favorite cousin. In middle life she married Benjamin Franklin French, a widower, and lived with him in Deerfield, N. H. Later they moved to Gilmanton Iron Works, where our family visited them in the summer of 1880. Cousin Annie died January 29, 1888, at the age of 55. During the Civil War, Almon served in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers.

Cousin Hannah married a Parisian Frenchman, who had been educated for the priesthood, but changed his views and went into mercantile life. When we knew him, which was only slightly, he was an expert tailor, who had worked in Philadelphia, Wheeling, Pittsburg, and other places, always making fabulous salaries, but never staying in one place any considerable length of time. He finally died, leaving his widow, Mrs. Hannah Rosar and one young daughter, a girl of about my own age, or a little younger. We were then in our early 'teens. The daughter, Rosalie Pauline Rosar, died when about twenty years old. She was a girl of real promise, and her mother never ceased to mourn her loss up to the time of her own death, about a dozen years ago. Both were buried in Forest Hills cemetery.

Another of my father's cousins whom we knew in childhood was George Crockett, who came on Sunday afternoons two or three times a year. He was the son of Betsey Hill, half-sister of Hannah Hill. A middle-aged widower, his patriarchal gray beard and desperately slow speech made him seem much older. He was an expert cabinet maker and worked for many years for Hook & Hastings, organ makers. His specialty was making "wind chists," as he called them, that is, making all the wind chests for the factory output.

Going to work every morning, as he told us, he invariably stopped at a certain bakeshop and bought three doughnuts, and then passing along to a nearby grocery he purchased a small piece of cheese. This constituted his regular midday luncheon menu for some thirty years. He had nephews and other relatives who were also related to us, but what became of them we never knew.

All of our early lives, and occasionally even down to the days of prohibition we Jones boys were frequently twitted about some imaginary connection with the famous Frank Jones, brewer of the celebrated Portsmouth ale. Although a mouldy or moth-eaten joke, it contained a bit of truth. The relation was not on the Jones side, however. My grandmother Hannah Hill had a half-sister Sally, who married a brother of Frank Jones' father. In other words, Frank Jones's uncle married my great-aunt. Or the other way around, my father's aunt married Frank Jones's uncle. If Aunt Sally (Hill) Jones had children, they were cousins of my father and also of Frank Jones.

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Discovery of Other New Hampshire Cousins

In March, 1913, just after the death of my mother, Cousin Hannah Rosar made one of her semi-occasional visits and from her I learned of the existence of another cousin of my father who had lived in Boston and vicinity for nearly eighty years and of whom we had never even heard.

Widowed and alone in the world, Hannah Rosar divided her time between living with friends in Auburndale and with friends in Newmarket, N. H. When in this vicinity, she spent her Sunday evenings attending the services at Tremont Temple. Year after year, this had been her practice. Generally she met there another elderly lady, very diminutive in size, and somewhat older than herself.

This other person came alone. She walked over from Bunker Hill in Charlestown every Sunday morning, rain or shine, winter and summer. She brought her lunch, which she ate after the morning service. The afternoons she spent window-shopping or on the Common, watching the crowds. In the evening she was at her regular place again at the Temple. She and Hannah usually tarried a few minutes after the meeting to greet each other. Sometimes they sat together. Late in the evening she would walk back over Warren bridge to her home in Charlestown.

For a number of years these elderly ladies met in this informal way.

Conversing one evening about their health or bodily

ailments, if they had any, the little Charlestown woman told Hannah about a prolonged cough that she had once as a young girl, which was so persistent that her parents sent her up into New Hampshire for fear she might be going into consumption, that dreaded disease among young people. She spent all one summer, she said, on her Aunt Ruth's farm and came home in the fall entirely cured. Since then she had scarcely known sickness.

The name "Aunt Ruth" excited Hannah's attention and curiosity.

"Who was your aunt? Tell me, what is your name? I never asked you before. You aren't Carrie Hill, are you? Why! your Aunt Ruth was my mother. I was a little bit of a girl when you came up to our place that summer."

Own cousins, the old ladies proved to be, who had not met for so long that they had forgotten each other's existence. That was the story that Cousin Hannah told me.

A few days after I heard of it, I called on Miss Caroline M. Hill and her sister, Mrs. Amanda E. Barton, who lived together at 60 Soley street, Charlestown, near the Monument grounds. Both of them were my father's cousins and from them, particularly from Carrie, I learned a good deal about my father's family. Carrie was then in her eightieth year; Amanda was four years younger. Carrie was eight or nine years older than Hannah Rosar.

Born November 13, 1833, Carrie was almost exactly nine years older than my father, so that she remembered the Jones family in its early years. When I saw her, well past 79, she was remarkably clear in her recollections. Her father was Benjamin Hill, half-brother of my grandmother Hannah Hill.

The tradition in the family, she said, was that six Hill brothers had originally come to this country and settled in New England early in the seventeenth century. Parenthetically, if there were six immigrant brothers, that would explain some of the difficulty that many of their descendants have experienced in tracing their genealogy. It is difficult enough, sometimes, when there were only three brothers, as the usual genealogical tradition runs.

Her own parents, she said, had six children three of whom were living when I saw her in 1913. Her sister, Amanda, was the widow of a Civil War veteran, Anson Bliss Barton. Amanda had a son, Rev. Herbert A. Barton, of New York, and another son in the produce firm of Barton & Childs on State street, Boston. One of the Hill brothers,

Charles Hill, 69 years old, in 1913, resided with his wife at 92 Chandler street in the South End. Charles was a Civil War veteran, who went out in the 41st Massachusetts Infantry and came back in the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Brother Frank also enlisted in the army. Four of the children, including Carrie and Amanda, were born on Fort Hill, Boston.

Carrie well remembered the famous Fort Hill riot when she was about eight years old. "There was an Irish funeral," she said, "and some mischievous boys about sixteen years old knocked the hearse over and the coffin fell out on the street. The militia was called out to stop the fighting."

Our Maternal Grandparents

Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble and Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, both of New Gloucester, Maine

Both of my maternal grandparents were natives of Maine and Massachusetts, paradoxical as that may seem, they having been born when the Pine Tree state was a part of the old Bay State. They were also natives of the same town, New Gloucester, which is about twenty miles north of Portland.

Grandfather Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble was born August 4, 1816, and Grandmother Sarah Bartlett (Eveleth) Preble, May 29, 1817. He was the youngest of eleven children of John Preble, two of whom were by the first wife, Sarah Collins, and nine by the second wife, Esther Collins, sister of Sarah Collins.

Sarah Bartlett Eveleth was the daughter of Perkins Eveleth and Lydia Collins True. The latter was the daughter of Jabez True, Jr., and Abigail Collins, who was a sister of Sarah and Esther Collins. Consequently, our grandparents were relatives. Grandfather's mother and grandmother's maternal grandmother being sisters, then grandfather himself, of course, was a first cousin of his wife's mother, Lydia Collins True.

Growing up in the same town and being related, our grandparents were doubtless friends from early childhood. The John Preble house, presumably the place where N. C. A. Preble was born, is still standing about half a mile from the Upper Gloucester village on the main road to East Poland, and a short distance from the "Gully Brook Spring," where the family got their supply of drinking water. It is a small one-story-and-a-half affair, and the wonder is that all of the young Prebles could be accommodated in it.

The Perkins Eveleth house, where the daughter, Sarah, was born, was two stories high and considerably larger. It

is still standing near the road leading from Upper Gloucester to the town of Gray, and is in excellent condition. Charles Preble Holmes, long a resident of the town of New Gloucester, says that it "is on a little road leading from the Stockman place. In later years it was known as the Griffin place. Elmer Estes is the present owner. The Stockman house also still stands at the turn in the road."

The young couple were married August 28, 1841, and settled in Boston. As there were no railroads in their part of the country at the time, they took the stage to Portland and thence came to Boston by boat.

With a very limited stock of furniture they went to housekeeping on Billerica street, near the old Boston and Lowell Railroad station, or the "depot" on Causeway street, as it was called. The approximate location of the house was where the present numbers 19-21-23 are now. In this house my mother, Ellen Frances Preble, the oldest of the children, was born.

A year or so later the family moved to 12 Spring street, near Leverett street, in the heart of the West End. The seven other children, including two boys and five girls, were born there, and that continued to be the family residence for upwards of thirty years, till our grandparents and the three unmarried children moved out to Somerville in 1874. Grandfather owned the house at No. 12 and for a time also No. 10 adjoining. The old house is still recognizable as part of the brick block, with the brown sandstone trimmings, although decidedly changed from its original appearance. A grocery store has been inserted where the parlor was located and another full story has been added in the attic.

When quite young, grandfather learned the trade of tailor, serving as apprentice in the shop of Stevens & Downes in Portland. Stevens was his cousin. For a while grandmother worked in the same shop with her future husband. It is probable that soon after attaining his majority, the young man came to Boston and engaged in the same occupation.

Early in his career he started a shop of his own at

11 State street, near Washington street, just across from the Old State House. Later he was at 22 Court street for several years. The entrance to this Court-street shop was near the present entrance to the Young's Hotel building, a few steps from the old Court House.

From there he moved to 97 Washington street, which, under the old numbering before the extension of Washington street, was in Newspaper Row, opposite the present office of the Boston Globe. Aborn, the hatter, was at 95, Preble at 97; there was one more store, going south, and then came Pie Alley. This location at 97 was occupied afterward for many years by Mrs. Harrington, who kept a famous restaurant, and is now part of Thompson's Spa. The great skylight in the rear portion of the restaurant which some of the old-timers will remember was directly over grandfather's great work table. For awhile he carried on the business under the name of Preble & Currier, his partner coming from Newburyport.

Later he took his nephew, James Preble, and John McKinnon into partnership. They were in the firm till his death in 1875. After the fire of November, 1872, a new block was erected on Washington street, just beyond the Transcript office. Their shop was removed to the second story of the new building. More recently that building has been replaced by another now occupied by Scott & Co., clothiers.

One of my early recollections was going there with the family a few months after grandfather's death and viewing from the windows the procession on June 17, 1875, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The preceding information regarding Nathaniel C. A. Preble's business, I obtained chiefly from my mother.

A study of the Boston directories, however, has revealed other interesting facts. His name first appears in the directory for 1842, and his address is given as Billerica street. In 1843, the house address is 21 Billerica street. The next year, 1844, we find: "Allen Preble, tailor, house, 12 Spring street." In 1845, he was apparently in partnership with P. B. Comins, who lived at 16 Spring street, under the firm name of Comins & Preble, tailors, at 11 State street. The two following years Preble & Comins were

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CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL COIT ALLEN PREBLE

Photograph taken in January, 1865, while the elder brother was home from the army on a furlough. Frederick Allen, aged seven; Caroline Eveleth, five; Edward Perkins, twenty; Sarah Abigail, seventeen; Ellen Frances, twenty-two; Harriet Isabella, ten, and Lydia True, twelve years.

still at the 11 State street store. In 1847-8, the partnership was Preble & Brazier (Daniel) and they were still at 11 State street. In 1848-9, Preble & Brazier had moved to 22 Court street. This second partnership was evidently of short duration, for in 1850 N. C. A. Preble was apparently carrying on the business alone at 22 Court street.

In 1852 the firm was Preble & Currier (James, Junior) and they had moved to 97 Washington street. For more than twenty years thereafter, grandfather carried on the business of merchant tailor at "old 97." The directory for 1853 gives no mention of Currier. From a study of the directories, the only conclusion appears to be that N. C. A. was the sole proprietor of the business till after the Boston fire of 1872, for no partnership name is given in any of those intervening years.

Meanwhile, his nephew, James Preble, was working for him from 1852 as a cutter. His son, Edward P. Preble was also working there, keeping the books and doing other work after his return from the army in 1865.

There was an important change in the business by 1873, for the directory of that year gives the firm name as N. C. A. Preble & Co., his partners being James Preble and J. G. McKinnon. They were still at 97 Washington street. The next year, 1874, they had moved up to No. 160 on the other side of the street, in the new building which had been erected just south of the Transcript building to replace one that had been destroyed in the great fire of November, 1872. Grandfather died in January, 1875, but the directory for that year gives the same firm name; the location was the same as during the previous year, but the number had been changed from 160 to 338. This was after the extension of Washington street, in a northerly direction from its former end at Cornhill to Haymarket square. The partnership in 1876 was Preble & Co., and the partners were James Preble and J. G. McKinnon.

As a merchant tailor, grandfather was one of the best in Boston and he catered to a very high class trade. He also invested considerably in real estate in which he was not so successful, owing chiefly to the panic of 1873 and the hard times that followed. At one time he had an interest in the New Era building at 176 Tremont street. Preble Hall in that building was named for him. For many years,

down to the 'nineties, this hall was used for public occasions and for private parties. It was also the regular meeting place for the labor organizations, and the Monday morning papers always told of the doings at their Sunday meeting at Preble Hall. The space occupied by the hall is now a part of the Tremont Theatre.

Early interested in politics, grandfather was a member of the Boston Common Council in 1860, the year that Albert Edward, the young Prince of Wales, made his visit to Boston. To their great satisfaction, he took my mother and one of her girl friends, Nellie F. Plumer, to the royal reception which was held on the evening of October 17, 1860, in the new Public Library building, then on Boylston street, where the Colonial building is now located.

N. C. A. Preble was a member of the Masonic fraternity, connected with the same lodge which my father joined a few years later, The Massachusetts lodge. He was initiated February 15, 1864, passed to the degree of fellowcraft March 22, raised to the degree of Master Mason May 23, and admitted to full membership in the lodge November 21, 1864. For a time he was one of the officers of the lodge. On account of his strong total abstinence ideas and his frankness in expressing them, — and this at a period when most of the fraternal organizations had a well-filled punch bowl and other paraphernalia in the ante-room — he had some kind of falling-out with his fellow members, and did not progress very far in the official line.

Shortly before his death, grandfather made for each of his three eldest grandchildren, Edward Jones, Willard Hill and myself, respectively seven, six and five years old, a handsome dark blue broadcloth suit, double-breasted and with an abundance of pockets, fore and aft. Built of material that would last almost forever, and following the custom in those good old days, these suits, as they were outgrown, passed down to the junior members of the family, and I think my younger brother Arthur had the pleasure of ultimately wearing them all.

What a wonderful thing is memory! While reading over the galley proof of this portion of the story and trying to focus attention, if possible, on the old store at 97 Washington street, a long forgotten mental picture suddenly flashed across my mind.

It must have been about 1873, before the shop was moved up to the new location, that my mother took some of us children into old 97 to call on grandfather. While showing some clothing he had made, he took from the rack on the left hand side of the store a handsome dress uniform that he had just completed for some official of the police department, and proudly held it up for my mother's inspection. Had it been any ordinary suit or Prince Albert, no attention would have been paid to it by the children. But a policeman's uniform, with its gold buttons, made an indelible impression which afterward forgotten was revived in all its detail after the lapse of so many years.

Grandfather was broad-shouldered and erect, six feet two in height, spare in build and wore a long black beard. His wife was short and very attractive looking, especially in her younger days, as her picture indicates. Home and church were her abiding places. And the rearing of her children was her chief concern. Her second daughter, Sarah, who became Mrs. William P. Hill, most resembled her in appearance. Of their eight children all lived to maturity, except "Little Mary," who died in her eighth year.

The oldest, Ellen Frances Preble, was born August 26, 1842. Her splendid life of cordial friendship and unselfish service I have described in the story of my parents. Next to her in age was Uncle Edward Perkins Preble, who was born January 22, 1845. He graduated from the Phillips grammar school, then at the corner of Anderson and Pinckney streets, in 1858, I think, in the same class with my father. As a lad of seventeen he joined the navy, serving as captain's clerk aboard the gunboat Katahdin, which was commanded by Commander George Henry Preble during Farragut's campaign on the lower Mississippi and the passage of the forts below New Orleans. After a severe sickness he returned home and later enlisted in the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment. He again saw hard service, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor and some of the other great battles of the war.

With him in the service, my father also in the army, besides three of grandmother's brothers and other relatives and countless neighbors and friends, the Preble family

realized from actual experience all the horrors and anxieties of the long struggle in which the nation was engaged.

During the campaign in Virginia, Uncle Ed was again taken sick and they never expected to carry him out of the hospital in Alexandria alive, but he eventually recovered. He was home on a furlough in January, 1865, when the group photograph of the seven Preble children was taken as a surprise for their parents. Uncle Ed was a remarkably well informed man, and he knew the Civil War by heart. A good conversationalist and a genial friend to everybody, it was our boyhood delight to hear him tell over and over again the war stories and describe the great campaigns and battles in which he had taken an active part. His wife was Marcia Alexander.

The third child in the Preble family was Sarah Abigail Preble, who married William P. Hill. She was born on January 12, 1848. Next to her was Mary Louisa, born January 31, 1850, died July 8, 1857. The four younger children were: Lillie (correct name Lydia True Preble), born June 14, 1852, who married Ezra D. Souther; Hattie (Harriet Isabella), born November 13, 1854, married Charles A. Keyes; Frederick Allen Preble, born June 6, 1857, married Helen Etta Stillson; and Carrie (Caroline Eveleth), born August 9, 1859, and married Milo R. Whitaker.

There have been twenty-one grandchildren, only eight of whom were born before the death of the grandparents. Grouped by families, they were: Edward Lincoln Jones, William Preble Jones, Arthur Eveleth Jones; Edward Alexander Preble, Harry Allan Preble, Alfred Emerson Preble; Willard Converse Hill, Edith Lillian Hill, Allen Philip Hill; Allan Bartlett Souther, Blanche May Souther; Ralph Preble Keyes, Bertha Eveleth Keyes, Louis Gosnold Keyes, Richard Amos Keyes; Frederick Stillson Preble, Robert Allen Preble, Eleanor Chapman Preble; Sarah Bartlett Whitaker, Joseph Wood Whitaker, Helen Hathaway Whitaker.

The three Jones brothers were also grandsons of William Jones and Hannah Drew Hill.

For a list of the descendants of N. C. A. Preble and Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, see the pamphlet entiled "John Preble of Machias." When published one year ago, the list was complete. Including the eight children, there had been

exactly eighty descendants. More have come since then and we hope the limit will never be reached.

Probably the first marriage at the Preble home on Spring street was that of Esther Preble and Joseph G. Ball on May 5, 1845. The bride was the daughter of John Preble, of New Gloucester, eldest brother of N. C. A. She died in 1856, leaving two children: Esther Elizabeth Ball, who was born in Boston, September 6, 1849, and Joseph Appleton Ball, also born in Boston, November 15, 1854. For many years Joseph G. Ball carried on a bakery in Cambridge. He remarried and had children by the second wife. Tall and distinguished looking, he occasionally drove over to Winter Hill with his family and visited his Somerville relatives.

Esther Ball married Ewen R. McPherson, of Cambridge. For several years she has resided at the Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge. Her son, Dr. Ross McPherson married Virginia Wisschusen and successfully practices his profession in New York City.

Joseph Appleton Ball married Annie B. McPherson, sister of Ewen R. McPherson. Their four children are all married, have children of their own and live in Pennsylvania: Joseph Norman Ball at 6452 Overbrook avenue, Overbrook; Mrs. Herbert Adams Treat (Edith Preble Ball) at Green Meadows, Devon; Mrs. J. Lawson Weatherly (Bertha Buckner Ball), Linwood avenue, Ardmore; and Harold Appleton Ball, 6446 Overbrook avenue, Overbrook.

Grandmother Preble was a member of the Bowdoin Street Congregational church. All the family were regular attendants there till its disbandment in 1862. They then joined the Chambers Street Chapel, which was a mission of the Old South Church, the pastors of the Old South, Rev. Drs. Blagden and Manning, alternating in the services. There was no question as to the intense loyalty of Dr. Manning for the cause of the North during that trying period and neither was there any doubt of the enthusiasm or loyalty of the Preble children or of the other young people of the Chapel toward Dr. Manning.

The Bowdoin street edifice was sold to the Episcopalians and is now the Church of St. John the Evangelist, which had previously worshiped in a building on Green street afterward occupied by George H. Dickerman as a paper box factory.

Similarly, the Chambers Street Chapel was sold for religious purposes, though at a much later date. It is a brick building on the left hand side of the street, going from Green street to Cambridge street, and about midway between, and is occupied by the St. Mary's Polish Roman Catholic Church.

Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D., senior pastor of the Old South Congregational Church, was installed in 1836, resigned in 1872, and died in 1884. His associate, Rev. Jacob M. Manning, D. D., was installed in 1857 and continued the pastorate till his death in 1882.

One day in the autumn after the accidental death of my father in July, 1872, Rev. Dr. Manning, the pastor of the Old South Church, came out to Somerville to call on our family. He was being entertained in the parlor while the three small boys were in the basement kitchen finishing their dinner. My beautiful colored plate, with the pictures and flowers around the edge, suddenly slipped to the floor and crashed into a hundred pieces. Bedlam was let loose. Finally Dr. Manning succeeded in stopping my bellowing by the presentation of a brand new fifteen-cent "shinplaster," as the small denominations of paper money were then called. It was the first fifteen cents that I ever earned and I still have it in the bank vault, instead of drawing interest.

In May, 1874, my grandparents and their three unmarried children removed to Vernon street, Somerville, becoming near neighbors of the married children who had preceded. That summer they erected a new house at 14 Pembroke street, on a lot of land which my father had bought shortly before his death with the intention of building a home for his own growing family. The new house had been occupied only a few weeks when grandfather was taken with pneumonia and died January 2, 1875, after an illness of less than one week's duration.

The funeral was held in the Chambers Street Chapel. All that I can remember of the occasion was that we children were taken to Boston and during the services were

cared for in the Sunday school room by Helen and Maria Hill, girl friends of the younger Preble sisters. Helen Hill is now Mrs. Worrell and lives in Dorchester. Maria is the widow of Dr. William F. Jarvis, a nephew of Dr. John Jarvis, who was the old family physician, and resides in Waltham.

Grandmother survived him a little more than a year. She, too, was taken with pneumonia, passing away January 18, 1876. A marble headstone marks their graves in the family lot at Mount Auburn.

Somehow, my recollections of Grandmother Preble are exceedingly limited, although I was nearly seven years old when she died.

After coasting one bitterly cold afternoon in the nearby Tufts field, we boys ran into grandmother's house on Pembroke street to get warm. She took off our coats and shoes, brushed off the snow and rubbed our hands and ears as she had done many times before for her own children in the years gone by. She got a chill in so doing, and my mother always believed that this act of grandmotherly kindness hastened the end, for in a few days she was taken with the fatal pneumonia. Perhaps, after all, there may have been no relation of cause and effect. Nevertheless, it was the last I remember of her. I can't even recall the funeral.

This little act, however, was typical of her life, — always caring for the children and doing for others. Of necessity, grandmother was a home body, — cooking, mending and looking after the welfare of her eight children, seven of whom long outlived her.

From my mother and the aunts and uncles, I know that the old house at 12 Spring street, Boston, was a home in every sense of the word. Having so many boys and girls of its own and of all ages, it was the rendezvous for the children of the neighborhood, "a happy gathering place and a lovely household," as one of the friends expressed it recently.

There was a houseful at all times. Multitudinous relatives from New Gloucester were met at the Portland boat and escorted to the Spring street house or came unexpectedly. They camped for the night or tarried for a few weeks. Frequent visitors also were the Shakers, both men and women, from the Shaker village on the borders of New

Gloucester and Poland, who enjoyed the ample hospitality of the Preble home and grandmother's delicious cooking. Their broad-brimmed hats and quaint manners fascinated the younger children.

Sick and disabled soldiers returning on furloughs from the South were welcomed as they stopped in Boston while on their way to their homes in Maine.

At one time during the prevalence of smallpox, it is related that a young girl who worked in the house was taken with the disease. She was promptly hustled up in the attic, where grandmother nursed her, besides taking care of her own children, all of whom had to be vaccinated or revaccinated. As far as known, there was no spread of the disease from that source.

As could readily be surmised, grandmother had enough to do at home without engaging in many neighborhood activities. One of her intimate friends and neighbors, however, was the widow Grimmons, mother of my esteemed and honored friend of later years, Mayor Charles A. Grimmons, of Somerville. Making a home for herself and two small sons, Charles and John, the young widow had a hard time financially. Nobody but the two women themselves knew the extent of the stream of practical kindness that flowed from the Spring street home to Brighton street, where the Grimmons family lived, although some of the older children were faintly aware of it.

While the numerous Preble children were brought up to enjoy many things in common, the idea of private property rights was most thoroughly instilled in them. Each child had his or her own things and looked after them. The younger children especially were religiously taught not to take or meddle with what belonged to the others.

The family went to church on Sundays. It was an interesting sight, as some of the friends have told me, to see the little mother, "so sweet and modest and pretty," and the great tall father, whose wife came only a little above his elbow, as they walked with the children down the aisle.

Grandfather's name, Nathaniel Coit Allen, was not a family name, but the Allen part has been used by some of the descendants. Nobody now living seems to know where it came from. But in looking through various genealogies of Gloucester people, I have run across a Nathaniel Coit and

N. C. A. Preble's Tailor Shop in 1874, at 338 Washington Street, near Milk Street, Boston.

The original Wells Schoolhouse on Blossom Street, Boston, as it appeared in 1865. Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, during the Civil War period.

in connection with it the family of Allen. So I think there was a person by that name and that grandfather was given the name in his honor.

He was variously called Nat Preble and Allen Preble. There was some sort of political gathering once upon a time when a certain wag referred to him as Napoleon Caesar Alexander Preble, a joke which evidently was appreciated, for the name ever after clung to him.

In a reminiscent letter written in 1929 by Charles H. Eveleth to his cousin, Louise Eveleth Eaton, the writer gives some of his impressions of N. C. A. Preble, from which the following are taken:

> Little Nathaniel, only thirteen years of age, was apprenticed to a tailor in Portland. He was twenty-one years and six months old when he went to Boston, where in 1845 with a partner he had a shop at the head of State street very near Washington.
>
> N. C. A. Preble was a noble man. Tall, broad chested, black hair and full beard. He would say his standing was: 'Five feet and fourteen inches.' A more kindly, fatherly man I never met and I must admit that every one of my uncles was always glad to advise or help me, and the aunts, every one of them, always to the uttermost endeavored to assist me every way.
>
> Uncle Allen was the most decided, out and out temperance man I ever knew. As a boy he would refuse to drink even when his father John offered the cup and ordered him to take it. From a child he hated alcohol, and as a man was active among temperance people of Boston. He said he sold the house on Spring street because a saloon was being made on the Leverett street corner, and he would not turn and pass such a place as he went to his home.
>
> [Doubtless an exaggeration, although possibly the remark might have been made, because he was obliged to pass a dozen saloons on his way home, no matter from which direction he came. W. P. J.]
>
> It was his consistent, firm and reasonable opposition which, when I observed in Boston, New York City, etc., that the "Rummies" were lawless, uncontrolled by any license law, made me firmly believe the saloon must go and welcome the amendment of 1919. Eighty years we have tried various ways to curtail the liquor traffic, but today treason and ridicule of statutes shows everywhere that family and home must oppose and keep out the enemy of souls and the road to ruin.

Four of the Preble children had married before their parents died. Aunt Carrie, the youngest, was between 16 and 17 at the time of her mother's death. After that she went to live with "Sister" Hill. Aunt Hattie lived for part of the time with "Sister" Jones. Uncle Fred also lived with the Joneses for several years till his marriage, taking the part of the big brother and bringing into the

widow's home some of the man's view of life that the three fatherless boys so eagerly sought and welcomed.

For a generation all of my mother's brothers and sisters, and their families, except Uncle Ed, who lived in Wilmington after his removal from Somerville, continued to reside at Winter Hill, Somerville. But deaths, marriages, and removals have taken many of them from Somerville, although several of them still remain. In the early days reunions were scarcely necessary so often did they see each other, yet family picnics at Wilmington and Christmas and Thanksgiving parties at a some one of the Somerville homes were frequently held, till comparatively recent years, and served to keep alive the clan spirit that long characterized the family. In the present era of automobiles which might be expected to unite families, and with all the other distractions of modern life, we have gradually drifted apart. Weddings and funerals have now become the regulation family reunion.

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The Preble and Collins Ancestral Lines

Grandfather Preble's ancestry I have already given in detail in the pamphlet entitled "John Preble of Machias, 1771-1841, and His Descendants," so that only a brief recapitulation will be necessary here.

He was the eleventh and youngest child of John Preble of Machias, so-called because he was born in Machias. During the long period of his residence in New Gloucester, John Preble was a carpenter and farmer.

John, of Machias, we believe, was the son of Colonel John Preble by his first wife, name not known. The family tradition I have endeavored to explain at length in the earlier pamphlet. Since that was published I have found in my notes the memorandum of a statement by my mother, Ellen Frances (Preble) Jones, the oldest of the children of N. C. A. Preble, which briefly summarizes that tradition. In this statement made October 28, 1905, she said that "John Preble, of Machias, was probably the son of Colonel John Preble by his first marriage of which we cannot find any record; and the story in the family was that the young John was not treated right by his stepmother and so he

was sent to be cared for in the family of his grandfather, Jedidiah Preble."

Colonel John Preble, an Indian interpreter and later a soldier in the Revolution, was the son of Brigadier General Jedidiah Preble, one of the foremost men in the province of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. He was also the half-brother of Commodore Edward Preble, commander of the American fleet in the war against the Algerian and Tripolitan pirates in 1803-4. His mother was Martha Junkins, daughter of Alexander Junkins, of Scotland Parish, Old York, Me.

General Jedidiah Preble was the son of Benjamin Preble and Mary Baston, who was the daughter of Thomas Baston. And Benjamin Preble was the son of Abraham Preble and Judith Tilden, "the immigrant ancestors of all the Prebles of America," to quote the words of Rear-Admiral George Henry Preble, the family genealogist. Abraham Preble came to Scituate about 1636. His wife, Judith Tilden, was the daughter of Nathaniel Tilden, who came to the shores of Massachusetts and settled in Scituate as early as 1628. Nathaniel Tilden was the son of Joseph Tilden, of Kent, England.

Admiral Preble, in his history of the Preble family, says that Abraham Preble, the immigrant ancestor, came over from England with "The Men of Kent." He speaks of Elder Nathaniel Tilden, the father-in-law of Abraham Preble, as a merchant adventurer who first came from England about 1628. Later Tilden returned to England, and in 1634 came back to Scituate bringing his wife, Lydia, seven children and seven servants. "He was the first person who kept bees in the colony." He died in 1641. The widow afterward married Timothy Hatherly, Esq.

Esther Collins, second wife of John Preble, of Machias, and the mother of N. C. A. Preble, was the daughter of Ebenezer Collins, Junior, and granddaughter of Ebenezer Collins, Senior. The elder Ebenezer was the son of Ezekiel Collins and Elizabeth Riggs and the grandson of John Collins, Junior, and Mehitable Giles. The parents of John Collins, Junior, were John Collins, born in England, in 1604,

and Johanna, who were among the early settlers of Salem, and later of Gloucester.

It is possible that John Collins, the immigrant, may have settled first in Lynn in 1635. One account suggests that date.

Elizabeth Riggs was the daughter of Thomas Riggs, who was town clerk of Gloucester, Mass., for 51 years, from 1665 to 1716, and Mary Millet, early settlers of Gloucester. Mary Millet was the daughter of Thomas Millet and Mary Greenaway, who came from England to Dorchester in 1635. And Mary Greenaway was the daughter of John and Mary Greenaway who arrived from Plymouth, England, in the ship Mary and John, the first of the fleet to reach the Massachusetts coast in the great Puritan migration of 1630. The passengers of the Mary and John disembarked at Savin Hill, or Rock Hill as it was called in the early days, during the first week in June, 1630, and founded the town of Dorchester.

Mehitable Giles was the daughter of Edward Giles by his wife, Bridget, who was the widow of ———— Very. Edward Giles was an early settler of Salem and was admitted a freeman in that town May 14, 1634.

Bridget Very, the widow, came from England bringing several children with her. The baptismal name of her first husband is not known. About 1636 she married Edward Giles.

Grandmother Sarah Bartlett Eveleth's ancestry is also an interesting one and can be traced back along many of its branches to the early immigrants. She was of the seventh generation of Eveleths in this country. Her parents were Perkins Eveleth and Lydia Collins True, both natives of New Gloucester.

Perkins Eveleth was the son of Nathaniel Eveleth, one of the founders of New Gloucester, and Mary Glass. Nathaniel was the son of Isaac Eveleth, Jr., and Elizabeth Parsons, both of Old Gloucester on Cape Ann. Isaac, Jr., was the son of Isaac Eveleth, Sr., and Sarah Verin Parkman. The elder Isaac was the son of Joseph Eveleth, the centenarian, and Mary Bragg. And Joseph was the

son of Sylvester Eveleth and Susanna, his wife, the immigrants who came to Boston in 1642.

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Sylvester Eveleth, the First Baker in Boston, and Joseph Eveleth, the Centenarian

Sylvester Eveleth was reputed to have been the first baker in Boston. He generally spelled his name Eveleigh. More anciently it is said to have been Yeverleigh. The name is supposed to have originated with an estate belonging to the Cliffords and to have been adopted as a family name. After coming to Boston he lived on the other side of the harbor at Winisemet. There are various spellings for this Indian name; the location is that of the present Chelsea.

Sylvester and his wife, Susannah, became members of the First Church of Boston. In 1644, they settled in Gloucester. At a later period Sylvester came back to Boston while he was a representative in the general court and lived from 1673 to 1685 in the vicinity of Hanover and Elm streets and also, perhaps, further down in the North End. He joined the Old South Church in 1674. According to Babson's History, Sylvester was a man of rigid Puritanical piety. Susan or Susannah, the wife, was a person of some education as evidenced by the fact that she penned her name to a deposition in 1657, when she was fifty years old, instead of simply making her mark, as most of the people then would have done. She died in July, 1659. In June, 1662, Sylvester married Bridget, probably the widow of Elias Parkman. He died January 4, 1689.

Babson's History of Gloucester says that Sylvester Evelyth "did not live on good terms with the church in his early residence here; and for defaming it was ordered to make a public acknowledgement or pay a fine. In 1666 he was licensed to keep an ordinary or public house of entertainment, and at the same time was excused from common training by paying two bushels of Indian corn yearly."

Charles Healey Eveleth, who made extensive studies in the Eveleth genealogy, said that his grandfather, Perkins Eveleth, stated that Sylvester Eveleth came from London and Wiltshire where his parents were entombed. "Both Sylvester and Susan," added Charles, "were laid at rest in Gloucester. Vainly have we sought to learn where the

spot may be. The old cemetery in the marsh by the Annisquam seems most likely the place. Yet, as we know that Sylvester had his home at the West Gloucester station and there several families were born, it is possible and reasonable that the graves were near the head of Little river, perhaps on the hill northwest of the old homestead."

In the second generation our ancestor was Joseph, son of Sylvester and Susanna. He is known as the "centenarian." Born in June, 1641, he was baptized in Boston, March 26, 1643, at the age of 1¾ years. Shortly after that the family was in Gloucester. Joseph Eveleth moved to Ipswich in 1667 to marry Mary Whittrege Bragg. In 1692, he was one of the jurors in the famous Salem witchcraft trials, and in 1697 with other jurors signed a document expressing deep sorrow for acting on the evidence as they did and being deluded and mistaken and begging forgiveness of God and of all the living sufferers. He celebrated his one hundredth birthday in 1741, taking a scythe in the morning and mowing a field of grass. A sumptuous dinner followed, with a sermon by the minister. Later, the famous Rev. George Whitfield visited him and received the blessing of the patriarch. Joseph died December 16, 1745, at Ipswich, in his 105th year. His wife, Mary Bragg, died at Ipswich January 22, 1714, at the age of 64.

From Joseph, the "Centenarian," our line of descent is through his son, Sergeant Isaac Eveleth, Sr., who was born at Ipswich October 11, 1676, married Sarah Verin Parkman in 1701, and died March 23, 1755. She died in 1721.

In the next generation our ancestor was Isaac Eveleth, Jr., born in Gloucester, married his step-sister, Elizabeth Parsons, December 25, 1729, and died in Gloucester in 1759. She was born in Gloucester in 1709, and died February 12, 1799. It was their son, Nathaniel, born in Gloucester, August 23, 1736, who was one of the founders of New Gloucester, Me.

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Nathaniel Eveleth, the New Gloucester Pioneer

When New Gloucester was settled by our ancestors, Maine was a part of Massachusetts and so continued till 1820, several years after our grandparents were born. Having that fact in mind, we can readily understand the auth-

ority of the general court of Massachusetts, which in 1736 granted a tract of land in New Gloucester equal to six miles square to sixty of the inhabitants of old Gloucester.

According to the "History of Cumberland County" in which county New Gloucester is situated, Captain Isaac Eveleth came in 1744 to advance the interests of the proprietors and open more roads. Whether this Isaac was one of our ancestors I am not sure, but the chances are that he was, although there may have been other Isaac Eveleths in old Gloucester at that time, cousins of our ancestor Isaac. The lines of the new town were established by a committee of the general court in 1762.

"In 1760," says the history, "John Stinchfield, David Millett, Captain Nathaniel Eveleth and others, making in all twelve families, had moved into the town before winter came." The proprietors' records were moved from Gloucester to New Gloucester in 1763, and a meeting was held in the fort November 22. Nathaniel Eveleth was chosen collector at that meeting.

Rev. Samuel Foxcroft, the first minister settled at New Gloucester, was graduated at Harvard in 1754, and was ordained at the fort January 16, 1765. Eight of the families united as members of the church which was then organized. One of the heads of these families was Jabez True, who was the first of our True ancestors in the town of New Gloucester.

At the first election held at the meeting house September 17, 1774, Nathaniel Eveleth was chosen town clerk. He continued as town clerk till 1815, a total of forty-one or forty-two years. For some thirty-seven years of this time he was also a selectman, his first election being in 1776.

At a meeting held September 19, 1774, a committee of three, including Isaac Parsons, was elected to meet at Portland to consider "the present alarming situation of public affairs." One-fourth of the men were detached as minutemen. April 25, 1775, on receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington, the people assembled under the call of the selectmen, the militia was organized and twenty men raised for the army.

In May, 1776, Captain Isaac Parsons left for the war with a company of 55 men.

Whether or not Nathaniel Eveleth was in active military service in 1775 and 1776 we cannot say. He was a colonial soldier as early as 1754, when he served in the garrison at Fort Halifax, Winslow, Me. He was then only

eighteen years old, having been born in 1736. He went to New Gloucester as a soldier in 1755, serving in the fort or blockhouse, which the early settlers built on their arrival.

On September 15, 1777, he was commissioned second lientenant in Captain Parsons' third company of the Fourth Cumberland county regiment of the Massachusetts militia. Afterwards he was chosen captain in the militia.

Nathaniel Eveleth was thrice married. In 1760 he married Sarah Chandler Mason, who bore him seven children and died in 1772. His second wife was Mary Glass, of Auburn, Me., whom he married in 1776. She was born in 1751 and died in New Gloucester in 1803. Ten children were the result of this union, one of whom was Perkins Eveleth. For his third wife he took in 1806, Sarah Bartlett, of Kittery. There were no children by this wife, but her name was happily selected by Perkins Eveleth for his daughter, Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, our grandmother. On November 23, 1824, Nathaniel Eveleth died in New Gloucester at the age of 88, after a long, useful and productive life.

It is interesting to note that Sarah Bartlett, the third wife of Nathaniel Eveleth, was three times a widow before she married him December 4, 1806. The earlier husbands were John Wentworth, Clement Jordan, and Bildad Arnold. As the widow of her fourth husband, she survived him many years. She was born in Kittery, December 7, 1740, and died in New Gloucester, September 12, 1837, in her 97th year.

By the first union the children were: Isaac, born October 4, 1760, died October 7, 1843; Sarah, March 26, 1762; Nathaniel, March 23, 1764; Jonas, January 25, 1766, died October 21, 1851; Joseph, March 30, 1768; Elizabeth, May 9, 1770; Mary, April 19, 1772.

By the second, another Mary and Ezekiel, twins, born October 30, 1777; Andrew, January 30, 1780; Rizpah, March 7, 1781; James, May 21, 1783, died March 27, 1857; Perkins born September 7, 1784, and died February 18, 1864; John, October 24, 1786; Moses and Aaron, twins, born September 26, 1788, the former died September 13, 1849, and the latter March 5, 1864; and still another Mary, born March 26, 1795.

The repetitions of the name Mary were probably due to the death in childhood of the earlier ones of that name and the common practice in such cases of naming another child in memory of the deceased.

The son, Nathaniel, became a major in the militia and

should not be confused with the father, who was a lieutenant in 1777, and afterwards a captain.

James, one of the sons by the second wife, was the grandfather of Rev. Fred Eveleth, who became a missionary to Burma. In our childhood we heard Rev. Fred Eveleth speak at the East Somerville Baptist church. He was instrumental in bringing to this country, about 1880, the young Burmese boy, Hemmay Klaipo, who was educated at the Somerville High school and other New England institutions.

Rev. Frederick Howard Eveleth, the missionary to Burma, married in June, 1873, Martha Howard Eveleth. Their son, Charles Edward Eveleth, born in Burma and educated in this country, is superintendent of the General Electric Company's plant in Schenectady, N. Y. His wife was Elizabeth C. Lincoln, a descendant of General Benjamin Lincoln. Another son, also born in Burma, is Dr. Frederick Shailer Eveleth, of Concord, N. H.

Our great-grandfather Perkins Eveleth was named for his uncle, Perkins Eveleth, a younger brother of Nathaniel Eveleth, who was born in Gloucester, November 13, 1743.

Moses married Betsey Preble, sister of N. C. A. Preble, and was the father of Mrs. Helen Eveleth Jones, of Brockton, and consequently the grandfather of our cousins, Mrs. Bertha Eveleth Blodgett, of Cortland, N. Y., and Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Field, of Bangor, Me. As we have seen in one of the preceding pamphlets, Bertha and Elizabeth are triply related to us, — on the Preble, Eveleth and Collins lines.

Aaron, twin brother of Moses Eveleth, served as town clerk for a few years, succeeding his father. For fifty years he sang in the choir of the Congregational church in the town. He married Deborah Rowe, sister of the husband of Aunt Rhody Rowe, and had one daughter, Sophronia Mason Eveleth. Sophronia married a man named Thurlow, of Dorchester. She inherited the ancient silver porringer from Rizpah, her maiden aunt, which porringer was afterward left to the elder daughter of Moses Eveleth's daughter, that is, to Bertha Eveleth Blodgett. Old Nathaniel had given the farm to the twins, Moses and Aaron, on condition that they make a home for their sister, Rizpah. Our immigrant ancester Sylvester, when he died, left three old porringers, and I am wondering whether this porringer was

one of the three. If so, it was doubtless brought over from England about 1640.

Captain Nathaniel Eveleth lived to see several of his sons become soldiers. Isaac, his first born, served in the Revolution; the son Nathaniel was afterward prominent in the militia; and three of the sons were in the War of 1812. These three, Perkins, our great-grandfather, Moses and James, served in the Massachusetts militia, responding in September, 1814, to the belated call of Governor Strong for service in defending the Massachusetts shore against the depredations of the British, who had been ordered "to destroy the coast towns and shipping and ravage the country."

Captain Joseph Eveleth, a brother of Captain Nathaniel, at one time of Beverly, had been in command of a company early in 1775, and was said to have responded to the alarm of April 19, and also to have fought at Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775. Innumerable cousins, nephews and other relatives also fought during the war.

Family tradition says that "Nathaniel Eveleth was the mustering officer for New Gloucester all the years of the Revolution" and that he mustered in the Minutemen in 1775.

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Perkins Eveleth and His Descendants

Our great-grandfather, Perkins Eveleth, son of Captain Nathaniel Eveleth, the New Gloucester pioneer, was a cooper and farmer. His cooper shop was in his garden. He had nine children by his wife, Lydia Collins True, whom he married April 11, 1813.

The oldest of these nine was Samuel True Eveleth, born at New Gloucester, January 11, 1814, and died in Portland, April 21, 1894. For his first wife he married September, 1847, his own cousin, Rhoda Nelson True, who died in 1859. By this marriage he had three children: Rev. Charles Healey Eveleth, who died December 21, 1929, in Washington in his eightieth year; a little girl who died in infancy; and Lydia True Eveleth, now Mrs. Graves, born January 18, 1857, and still living in Washington. On July 1, 1861, he married Annetta Rebecca Ballentine, who bore one son, Samuel True Eveleth, Jr., now living at 493 Stevens avenue, Portland.

Charles Healey Eveleth was born in New Gloucester, March 10, 1850, married in Worcester January 1, 1879.

Georgia Maria, daughter of Rev. George D. and Hulda J. (Devine) Godsoe. She died May 10, 1888. On October 15, 1889, he married Miss Lauretta Brewster Weare at Manchester, N. H. By his first marriage his children were: Bessie, born November 12, 1879, died July 3, 1881; Nelson True, born June 30, 1881, at Providence, and married in Albany, October 11, 1901, Anna Reese; Flora Belle, born August 23, 1883, in Ballston, N. Y., died March 8, 1897; Samuel Arthur, born August 13, 1885, in Whitehall, N. Y., died March 24, 1904; and Lillie Maria, born January 6, 1888, in Wilton, N. H., married Richard J. Powers in 1916. The children of Nelson True Eveleth are Lawrence Nelson, born in June, 1903, and Isabel Pearl, August 27, 1906.

Samuel True Eveleth, Jr., was born in New Gloucester, June 19, 1862; married Annie Louise Bailey, daughter of Frederick O. Bailey and Harriette Rebecca Woodhard, of Deering, Me., June 6, 1895. Annie Louise was born June 6, 1869, and died July 25, 1923. Their six children are: Ellen Lolita, born March 27, 1896; Harriette Bailey, July 25, 1899; Frederick Bailey, January 15, 1902; Captain True Ballentine, April 28, 1904; Annette Louise, July 29, 1905; Florence May, July 29, 1906. Captain True Ballentine Eveleth married Dorothy Leland, daughter of Ernest T. Leland and Lillie Somes, of Ellsworth, Me.

The second child of Perkins Eveleth was Rhoda Nelson Eveleth, born August 23, 1815, married September 1, 1840, Abraham Pierce Rowe, who died in 1854. Rhoda died in Wakefield, October 3, 1904, aged 89 years. There was only one child of this family, Sarah Pierce Rowe, born August 17, 1848; married September 2, 1873, Albert H. Wilkins. She died September 8, 1884, at the age of 36, after a long illness while the family lived at the corner of School street and Maple avenue, Somerville. She left three small children. Rhoda Nelson Rowe, or "Aunt Rowe," as we knew her, also married William Rowe, brother of her deceased first husband, Abraham Rowe.

The children of Albert H. Wilkins and Sarah Pierce Rowe were: Alice Eveleth, born at 45 Poplar street, Boston, May 24, 1879; Percy Howard, born at Somerville, August 17, 1880; and George Maddock, born at Somerville, February 11, 1882.

Alice married December 21, 1901, Augustus Tufts Cleland, of Malden, who died December 9, 1908. She lives at

12 Kernwood street, Malden. She has one son, Philip Augustus Cleland, who was born May 4, 1904, in Malden, married Margaret Corinne Codaire, September 3, 1927, and lives in Philadelphia.

Percy married Ethel Marjorie Bishop, of Malden, October 3, 1906, and resides at 12 Kernwood street, Malden. Their first child, Richard Bishop, was born July 29, 1907, and died July 18, 1923. Their other children are Marjorie Elizabeth, born June 13, 1909, and Howard Percy, born March 25, 1913.

George Maddock Wilkins, the youngest child of Sarah Rowe, resides in Brooklyn. He was named for George H. Maddock, an orphan boy who was brought up by "Aunt Rowe," practically as her own son and as brother of Sarah. George H. Maddock was an intimate cousin, as it were, and friend of my mother and her brothers and sisters. He lived long to reciprocate the kindness of his foster mother and to honor her memory. He died in Wakefield, January 27, 1928, at the age of 82.

The third child of Perkins Eveleth was Sarah Bartlett Eveleth, our grandmother, who married Nathaniel Coit Allen Preble.

Fourth was Halsey Healey Eveleth, born in New Gloucester March 8, 1818, and died in Chelsea, March 18, 1847. He served as sergeant in camp at Augusta, Me., in 1837, during the boundary dispute.

The fifth was Lydia Eveleth, born February 22, 1821, and married Amasa Wharff. "Aunt Lyddie," as we remembered her, died August 31, 1911, in her 91st year. They had a son who died in childhood.

Rizpah, the sixth child, was born in 1823, married Dr. George Brickett, an army surgeon, and died in 1850 in Augusta, Me.

Joseph Walton Eveleth, the next, was born June 7, 1825, married Eliza Martin Smith in 1850. They lived for many years at Winterport on the Penobscot river and had three children born there. He was second lieutenant of Company D in the 26th Maine regiment in 1862-3. His death occurred October 21, 1906, and that of his wife,

October 8, 1911. Their two sons died in childhood. Their daughter, Helen Louise, born January 2, 1871, married Charles R. Eaton, April 22, 1916, and lives at 81 Hillman street, New Bedford.

The eighth child was Jabez Perkins Eveleth, born July 11, 1827, served three years in the Seventh Maine regiment and the First Maine Veterans in the Civil War, married Irene Brooks Jordan, May 5, 1865, and died February 8, 1907, in Portland. She died January 21, 1903. Several of their children died in infancy. Three of them survived: Bertha Lavinia, born August 29, 1868, now at 542½ Congress street, Portland; Sarah Bartlett, born August 9, 1874, married in 1915 Frank Ward (who died in 1923), deceased February 26, 1930, in Boston; and Halsey Winter Eveleth, born August 15, 1882. In 1917 Halsey married Cecelia Elizabeth Coolbroth and they have one child, Catherine Irene, born October 23, 1921. They reside at 462 Cottage road, South Portland.

Ninth and youngest of the family was Corporal Henry Eveleth, born June 21, 1830. He served in the Seventh Maine regiment in Virginia, and died in a hospital in Baltimore in October, 1861. His body was brought home and given a soldier's burial at New Gloucester, the first of the volunteers from the town to be brought back from the front.

Thus, it will be seen that four of my grandmother's five brothers wore the army blue, one of them in the "Aroostook War," and three of them in the Civil War. Her sixteen-year-old cousin, Moses Edwin Eveleth, son of Moses Eveleth, died in the service, and her own son, Edward Perkins Preble, was also in the army and navy, besides other relatives.

Various Other Ancestors of the Eveleths

Mary Glass, who married Nathaniel Eveleth, was the granddaughter of Ezekiel Glass and Elizabeth Fredericks, who were married in 1722. Who her parents were I do not know.

In one of Charles H. Eveleth's papers Mary Glass is mentioned as "of Auburn, Me." In another she is said to

have been born in Duxbury. Which is correct or whether or not both are correct, I have not been able to ascertain.

Still another memorandum by C. H. E. gives the name of "Pejepscot" in connection with Mary Glass, which I mention as a clue to her identity.

Elizabeth Parsons, who married her stepbrother, Isaac Eveleth, Jr., December 25, 1729, was the daughter of Nathaniel Parsons and Abigail Haskell. She was born in Gloucester on Cape Ann, in 1709, and died February 12, 1799. Nathaniel Parsons was born March 16, 1675, married December 27, 1697, and died of smallpox May 21, 1722. Seven months after his death his widow, Abigail, married on December 20, 1722, Isaac Eveleth, Sr., and died May 5, 1762, at the age of 86 years. Nathaniel's father was Jeffrey Parsons, who was born in England in 1631, went to the Barbados as a very young man, later came to New England and married Sarah Vinson, of Gloucester, November 11, 1657. Jeffrey died in August, 1689, and Sarah on January 12, 1708.

Sarah Vinson was born before her parents came to Gloucester. She was the daughter of William Vinson, who came to Salem as early as 1635, later removed to Gloucester, and died September 17, 1690, aged about 80; and his wife, Sarah, who died February 4, 1660. Like most of our other ancestors when left without a partner, Mr. Vinson married again, taking for his new wife, Rachel Cook or Rachel Varney, a widow, on June 10, 1661. She died February 15, 1707.

According to Pringle's History of Gloucester, William Vinson was the son of Francis Vinson and Sarah Paulet, daughter of Sir Francis Paulet, and maid of honor to Queen Anne, wife of King James I of England.

Sarah Verin Parkman, wife of Isaac Eveleth, Sr., was the daughter of Deliverance Parkman, of Salem, and Sarah Verin, who were married December 9, 1673, and had three children. The second child was Sarah, born July 29, 1678. The mother died January 14, 1682. The father made three more matrimonial ventures, the other wives being in this order: Mehitable, Margaret, and Susanna.

Deliverance Parkman was the son of Elias Parkman, who was in Dorchester in 1633; admitted a freeman May 6, 1635. Elias moved to Windsor, Conn., early and had four children born there. He was a trader in New Haven and finally removed to Boston, where he had several more children. His wife was Bridget ————. He was a mariner,

trading from Boston to the Connecticut river, and was probably lost in 1662. His widow is believed to have married September 6, 1672, Sylvester Eveleth, of Gloucester, our immigrant ancestor. Elias Parkman was the ancestor of Francis Parkman, the historian, and a dozen others of that same family name famous in Boston and Massachusetts history.

Sarah Verin, who married Deliverance Parkman, was the daughter of Hilliard (or Hillyer) Verin, also spelled Veren and Vering, of Salem. She was born April 23, 1654.

Hilliard Verin, her father, was the son of Philip Verin and was baptized at Salisbury, England, March 3, 1622. He probably came to this country with his father in 1635. He first married Mary Conant, niece of Roger Conant, April 12, 1641, and later married Dorcas ———. He had six or more children. The younger ones, probably including Sarah, were by the second wife.

Philip Verin, of Salem, came over in 1635, arriving at Boston in the ship James from Southampton. He is called a "roper" in the ship's papers. He brought his wife, Dorcas, and children, including Hilliard. Dorcas lived only a few years in the new home, for in 1640 his second wife, Jane, joined the church. He was a freeman September 2, 1635. Twenty years later he was imprisoned as a Quaker.

Mary Bragg, who married Joseph Eveleth, the centenarian, probably on January 1, 1669 (different dates are given by some of the books), was the daughter of Edward or Edmund Bragg, who was in Ipswich as early as 1646, and was still living there in 1700.

Abigail Haskell, who married Nathaniel Parsons, was born March 2, 1676, in Gloucester. Her parents were William Haskell, Jr., who was born in Gloucester, August 26, 1644, married July 3, 1667, and died June 5, 1708, aged 64; and Mary Brown, also called Mary Walker, who was born in Gloucester July 28, 1649, and died November 12, 1715, age 66. William's parents were William Haskell, Sr., who was born about 1617-1620 in England, married November 16, 1643, and died August 20, 1693; and Mary Tybbot, who died August 16, 1693, four days before the death of her husband.

Mary Brown, also called Mary Walker, was the daughter of William Brown, the immigrant, who married on

July 15, 1646, Mary, the widow of Abraham Robinson. William Brown died May 3, 1662. For her third husband, the widow married Henry Walker, which explains why the daughter, Mary, was known by both the names of Brown and Walker.

Mary Tybbot, wife of William Haskell, Sr., was the daughter of Walter Tybbot, who was born in England in 1584, came to Gloucester in 1640-1, and died August 14, 1657.

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Ancestry of Lydia Collins True

Lydia Collins True, who married Perkins Eveleth, was born in New Gloucester, October 6, 1790, and died November 18. 1854, of "lung fever," now known as pneumonia. Although she was 64 years old at the time of her death, it is said that there was "not a single white hair in her long black tresses." She was the daughter of Jabez True and Abigail Collins, sister of Sarah and Esther Collins, the first and second wives of John Preble, of Machias and New Gloucester.

Her Collins ancestry is given on a previous page.

Her first True ancestor in this country was Henry True, who was born in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Eng., came to America, settled in Salem in 1644, married Israella Pike about that time, bought a house and lot in Salisbury in 1657, and died in Salisbury about 1659. On June 18, 1660, Israella, the widow, married Joseph Fletcher. Israella Pike was the second daughter and fourth child of John Pike, who came from Langford, England, to Newbury in 1635, in the ship James. Although recorded as a laborer, John Pike was evidently a man of education as he acted as attorney in the courts in 1636-7. He died in Salisbury, May 26, 1654.

In the second generation Henry Pike True, born in Salem, March 8, 1644-5, was the oldest of seven children. He married Jane Bradbury, of Salisbury, March 15, 1667-8. He was commissioned captain October 29, 1696; was a house carpenter by occupation, freeman in 1675, member of the Salisbury church in 1677, representative, 1689; elected deacon of the church July 25, 1700, and was still living in 1723.

In the third generation the seventh child of Henry Pike True and Jane Bradbury was Jabez, born February 19, 1682-3, and died young. The eighth child was another Jabez, who was our ancestor. He was born October, 1686, baptized June 5, 1687, married Sarah Tappan, January 8, 1707-8. Both were admitted to the Salisbury church, September 12, 1714. He was elected deacon October 13, 1721; died in 1749.

In the fourth generation, Jabez True, son of Jabez True and Sarah Tappan, was born in 1714, married Sarah Eaton, of Salisbury, in 1740, died in Minot, Me., in 1770, and was buried in New Gloucester. He was one of the early settlers of New Gloucester, coming with his family about 1760.

In the fifth generation Jabez True, son of Jabez True and Sarah Eaton, was born in Newbury in 1750, came with his parents to New Gloucester at ten years of age, married Abigail Collins, of New Gloucester, and died in 1823. Abigail died in 1793. She was the daughter of Ebenezer Collins, Jr.

In the sixth generation the children of Jabez True and Abigail Collins were: Jabez True, 1771-1842, of Poland; Abigail, 1773-1832, who became Mrs. Waterman, of Poland; John, 1775-1850; Sally (Sarah), who became Mrs. Cash, of Paris, Me.; Hannah, who became Mrs. French; Captain Samuel, 1781-1868, who married Rhoda Nelson in 1806; Henry, 1782-1831; William, 1784, died young; Rebecca, 1788-1847, who married Eben Whitehouse, of Minot; Captain Jonathan Collins, 1787-1862, of New Gloucester, who married Deborah Winslow; Lydia Collins True, who married Perkins Eveleth; and Esther, born 1793, and died young. By a second marriage there was a daughter, Ruth Chipman, born 1796, who became Mrs. Gleason.

The old homestead of our True ancestors was "on the plains near Upper Gloucester, just under Deacon Allen's hill."

Jane Bradbury, who married Henry Pike True, was the fifth child of Thomas Bradbury, of Salisbury, and was born May 11, 1645.

Captain Thomas Bradbury, her father, was one of the original proprietors of Salisbury, but it is not known where he settled before going to that town; probably it was

Ipswich. He was baptized February, 1610-11, at Wicken-Bonant, Essex County, England. He became one of the most prominent citizens of Salisbury, a freeman May, 1640; representative in 1651 and six years more; town clerk, schoolmaster, justice of the peace, recorder for the county of Norfolk when New Hampshire was a part of Massachusetts, associate judge, etc. "Most of the ancient records of Salisbury and many of the county were written by him." He was of York, Me., in 1634; was agent for Ferdinando Gorges at York in May, 1636. He married about 1636 Mary Perkins, daughter of John Perkins, of Ipswich. Captain and Mrs. Bradbury were second on the list of the Salisbury church members in 1687. He died March 16, 1694-5, and she died December 20, 1700.

The wife, Mary, then about seventy-two years old, was tried for witchcraft in 1692. "She was ably and courageously defended by Major Robert Pike, convicted, but not executed. The papers pertaining to the case are of deep interest and show the high estimation in which she was held."

Mary (Perkins) Bradbury was the daughter of John Perkins, who was born about 1590, it is said, at Newent, Gloucester County, England. John Perkins came probably in the ship Lion to Boston in February, 1631, with Roger Williams, bringing also his wife, Judith, their son, John, born in 1614; Mary, born about 1620; and probably other children. He was a freeman May 18, 1631, and went to Ipswich in 1633 with John Winthrop, the younger; was representative in 1636, and died in 1654. He owned Perkins Island in the Ipswich river.

Sarah Tappan, who married Jabez True of the third generation of the family, was the oldest of the four children of John Tappan, of Salisbury.

John Tappan, youngest of eight children of Abraham Tappan, was baptized April 23, 1651, at Newbury. He married first, September, 1688, Martha Brown, who died July 4, 1717; and second, Ruth Heard in 1717. He took the oath of allegiance at Newbury in 1678, was wounded by the Indians at Bloody Brook September 18, 1675; died at Salisbury, December 23, 1723.

Abraham Tappan, of Newbury, was of Yarmouth, Norfolk county, England, baptized April 10, 1606, married Su-

sanna Goodale (or Taylor), came in the ship Mary Ann, was in Newbury in 1637, died at Newbury, November 5, 1672. His widow, Susanna, died March 20, 1688-9.

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In Ancient Gloucester on Cape Ann

Nine of my mother's ancestral families had become permanent residents of old Gloucester before 1660.

Walter Tybbot was a member of the first board of selectmen of the town in 1642, and several years subsequently. William Haskell arrived in Salem in 1637 — that part now known as Beverly, and in Gloucester in 1642 or '43, and married Walter's daughter, Mary, in 1643. William Brown and wife, Mary, settled in the town early in that same decade. William Vinson and wife, Sarah, who were in Salem in 1635, removed to Gloucester in 1643. Jeffrey Parsons, who left England in his youth, came to Gloucester from Barbados about 1655 and in 1657 married their daughter, Sarah Vinson. Sylvester Eveleth and wife, Susannah, who were in Boston in 1642, removed soon afterward to Gloucester. Thomas Millett and his wife, who was Mary Greenaway, arrived in Dorchester in 1635, and in Gloucester in 1655. Thomas Riggs was in Gloucester in 1658 or before, with his wife, Mary Millett, daughter of Thomas Millett. And John Collins and his wife, Johanna, who first settled in Salem, removed to Gloucester early in the decade 1640-50. Another account says that they went to Gloucester in 1658.

Of these names, the Vinson, Brown, Haskell, Tybbot, Collins, Parsons and Eveleth families were on our Eveleth ancestral line, and Millett, Riggs and Collins on the Preble side.

All of these families were vital to the history of ancient Gloucester, and all of the nine men served on the board of selectmen during the early years of the town, — Tybbot, Brown, Collins, Vinson and Eveleth serving between 1642 and 1648. Almost every year down to 1689 saw one, two or three of them on the board. Haskell, Riggs and Eveleth were also representatives in the general court, Haskell for about six years. Thomas Riggs was town clerk from 1665 to 1716, a total of 51 or 52 years. He was also selectman

for twenty years, and at times was the town schoolmaster.

John Collins, Senior, was probably at different times a selectman in Salem and also in Gloucester.

Most of these facts about our ancestors in old Gloucester are obtained from John J. Babson's history of that ancient town, a book which is a perfect mine of historical and genealogical information. Babson, of course, was a relative of the famous Roger Babson, the present-day business statistician, both of them descended from early Gloucester settlers.

Some of these ancestors, whom I have named, were apparently courageous and independent in spirit, even rebellious, depending upon the viewpoint you may take.

Back in the sixteen-eighties Sir Edmund Andros was sent over from England as the royal governor of Massachusetts. Not only did he take away the charter, but in various other ways he deprived the people of their political and property rights.

Many of the towns refused to assess the taxes which the governor and his council levied upon them. To quote Babson's history, "One of these towns was Gloucester, several of whose citizens, — namely William Haskell, Senior, James Stevens, Thomas Riggs, Senior, Thomas Millet, Jeffrey Parsons, Timothy Somes, and William Sargent, Senior, — were fined at the superior court in Salem for the noncompliance of the town with the warrant for the assessment of one of those odious taxes in the year 1688. The first five of these citizens were the selectmen of the town in that year, and Somes was its constable. . . At court all but Somes were fined 40 shillings each."

Of these five selectmen three, Messrs. Haskell, Riggs, and Parsons, were our ancestors; while Thomas Millet, the younger, was a son of our ancestor, the immigrant Thomas Millet, and brother of Mary Millet, through whom we trace our descent.

Concerning our Parsons and Vinson ancestors, Babson gives this interesting little statement: "Tradition has preserved the romantic incident that determined his (Jeffrey Parsons') choice of a partner for life. While walking on a hot summer day, he was overcome with fatigue and thirst, and stopped at Vinson's Spring for rest and refreshment. The house of Vinson was near by, and a benevolent impulse prompted his beautiful daughter Sarah to approach the weary stranger with the tender of a drinking cup. The charms and the kind attentions of the fair one made a deep

impression on the heart of Jeffrey, and as she reciprocated the sentiments she had inspired, she ere long became his wife. They were married November 11, 1657." — Jeffrey was selectman several years.

William Vinson, father of Sarah, is called in the records a "pot maker." He became the owner, by grant or by purchase, of several lots, on one of which was Vinson's Spring, which perpetuated his name. He was the original grantee of Five-Pound island.

Not long ago a friend of mine, William Oscar Andrews, of the Massachusetts Department of Corporations and Taxation, who has spent a large part of his life in Gloucester, gave me the location of Vinson's Spring. It was on Main street, in the wider part of the street, in front of the office of Gorton & Pew, and near the foot of the hill. A big tree formerly stood close to the spring. In front of a nearby store was a poetical sign in the olden days with this crude verse:—

If you are tired rest in here;
If you are thirsty drink some beer;
But if you prefer a weaker thing,
A fountain flows from Vinson's spring.

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What the Study of Genealogy Reveals

Half of the fun of delving into genealogy is the sudden finding of names of distant relatives by blood or by marriage, particularly if they are already friends. Some of the discoveries, of course, might not yield the same measure of satisfaction, and perhaps in certain instances the pleasure or honor might not be reciprocal. But the fact remains there's a whole lot of us who are cousins whether we like it or not.

Some people even are doubly related to us; for example, William Ellery Channing, the great theologian. He was descended from Governor Thomas Dudley, through his talented daughter, Anne (Dudley) Bradstreet; and it also happens that he comes from another of our ancestors, on the Eveleth side of the family, William Vinson, of Salem. He was named for one of his ancestors, William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was also a descendant of William Vinson.

Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, who presided over the Massachusetts supreme court from 1806 to 1813, one of the most learned jurists of the nineteenth century, was a descendant of Jeffrey Parsons. Henry H. Parsons, recently mayor of Gloucester, is likewise a descendant of old Jeffrey.

Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, Democratic candidate for President in 1876, was descended from Nathaniel Tilden, the father of Judith (Tilden) Preble.

Dr. Wallace Preble, of Cambridge, is a distant relative through the Preble line. His wife also is a relative as a descendant of Theophilus Parsons and likewise of Jeffrey Parsons, our common ancestor.

The Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Richard Henry Dana and the Wendell Phillips families are related to us as decendants of Thomas Dudley through the daughter Ann. My college classmate, Dr. Augustus W. Dudley, of Cambridge, and my friend, Arthur Dudley Hall, of Medford, are also of the Dudley descent and distant cousins.

Joseph S. Pike, for many years city treasurer of Somerville, is distantly related as a descendant of the original John Pike who came in 1635 in the ship James from Southhampton, England.

So also Albert L. Haskell, president of the Somerville Historical Society, is related as a descendant of the immigrant William Haskell. Babson in his history says that William Haskell's descendants are more numerous than those of any other early Gloucester settler.

Even nearer related than any of those mentioned is former Alderman Walter A. Dow, of West Somerville. Our common ancestors were Benjamin Hill and Elizabeth Dudley. Walter's grandmother and my grandmother were first cousins; his great-grandfather, Jonathan Hill, and my great-grandfather, Trueworthy Hill, were brothers, both sons of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Dudley) Hill. Jonathan married Abigail Tilton and their daughter Sarah married Ezekiel Dow; and the son of Sarah and Ezekiel was the veteran Lorenzo Ware Dow, who died a few years ago in West Somerville, over ninety years old. Lorenzo was Walter's father.

These instances are only a few of the many that might be cited. It is a pleasure to find them, but after all they are minor incidents in the study of genealogy. Through this study we obtain a lot of names and dates, but we get a great deal more. We see the past through the experiences of our own relatives. We can appreciate the hardships

that they underwent in crossing the ocean in the small sailing vessels, crowded with passengers, freight and domestic animals on a voyage that lasted ten or twelve weeks. We can see them cutting down the forests and subduing the wilderness, fighting the Indians and developing civilization in the new country. Through the various generations, we live with them and their contemporaries. History and biography become vivid and personal through the study of genealogy.

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Those Welsh Englynion

While this booklet was being put to press,—for in the progress of time it has been growing from a pamphlet to a small sized book,—some more translations of the Welsh englyns, given on page 20, came to hand. They were kindly sent by friends and neighbors of our Racine relatives, bearing the euphonious Welsh names of John H. Jones and William L. Williams.

Evidently these good, though unseen, friends agree with John W. Davies, of Boston, who made the first translation, that it is difficult to translate the two englyns as printed. This difficulty is due in part to the likelihood that a few errors have crept into the wording. According to Mr. Williams, it is impossible to tell whether they were due to mistakes in copying the inscriptions from the tombstones, or recopying, or whether they were as originally written by "the unlettered muse of the country churchyard."

In his letter, Mr. Williams says that he accepted the commission to translate the two Welsh englynion (plural of englyn, also spelled ynglyn) with some misgivings, "as the English language does not lend itself to the construction of this ancient form of Welsh verse with any great degree of facility, and as I desired not only to translate them literally, but also to produce the meaning in the form of an englyn."

Quoting Mr. Williams: "The englyn is one of the 'Mesurau Caeth', that is, bonded or bound meters or measures, and is bound and circumscribed by certain hard and fast rules that make it difficult to compose a good englyn, even in Welsh.

"There is no sequence of accented or unaccented syllables, as in the trochaic, iambic or anapestic meters, and the lilt, found in other forms of Welsh poetry, is conse-

quently lacking and makes the englyn appear stiff and stilted to the casual reader.

"A straight single rhyme englyn has four lines containing thirty syllables, ten in the first, six in the second, and seven each in the last two. The first two lines are called 'paladr' or shaft, and the last two 'esgyll' or wings. At the end of the first line is the 'gair cyrch' or carried word or words, and separated from the main rhyme by a dash."

Mr. Williams then goes on to say that a verse could conform to the above in all points, but it would not be an englyn without "cynghanedd", which is characteristic of the englyn, and which has alliteration, concatenation, etc.

After describing more in detail the nature of an englyn and the reasons for believing that certain errors had been made either in the copies or on the tombstones themselves, the writer says he believes the first englyn should read as follows:—

O'n trallod, hynod, anhunedd—cyson
Cawson le i orwedd,
A dianc yn y diwedd
O lach y byd, i lwch y bedd.

A literal translation is as follows:—

From our affliction, strange disquiet—constant
We found a place to lie
And escape at the last
From the world's lash in the dust of the grave.

Mr. Williams adds the following translation in the style of the Welsh englyn:—

From our dire strait, distraught, distressed,—woeful,
We found a place to rest,
And escape from the greatest
Of Earth's griefs to our graves' dust.

For the second englyn he suggests the following as the correct wording:—

Er oesi yn hir isod,—eich gwely
Yw gwaela lwch feddrod,
Mae geiriau'n ddiogl i ddod
A'u geilw etto o'i gwaelod.

A free translation of this second englyn would be as follows:—

Though living long on earth below—your bed
Is the poorest dust of the grave.
Words are sure to come
That will call you again from its depths.

And a translation in the form of a Welsh englyn would be:—

> Though you lived, yea, loved, long below,—your bed
> Abides in tomb-dust low,
> We're assured His word, we know,
> Will hale you from graves hollow.

The letter of Mr. John Jones suggests practically the same corrections in the text of the englyns as made by Mr. Williams, and his free translations agree substantially with those of the other correspondent. "The poet," he adds, "puts the words in the mouth of the dead, in other words, makes the dead speak. Welsh poets of the past age were fond of the superlative, hence they described the ordinary ills of life here below in very dark colors."

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Our Ancestral Surnames

The following list contains the names of all of our ancestral families that I have thus far been able to trace; also the dates when many of the heads of the families arrived in this country, or in some cases the date of their earliest recorded activities, such as admission as a freeman, marriage or receiving grants of land, etc.

Only a few of these persons were famous in their day and generation, but in the centuries that have followed, countless numbers of their descendants have won distinction.

Many thousands of present-day Americans scattered all over the country are descended from the half a hundred names that are mentioned, and they are all of them more or less closely or distantly related to us.

Jones and Hill Ancestors

Bennett, Arthur,	married Mary Goddard before 1670
Clark, Mary,	wife of Edward Gilman, Hingham, 1638
Dudley, Thomas,	Salem and Boston, 1630
Dudley, Samuel,	Salem and Boston, 1630
Eaton, Theophilus,	Boston, 1637
Edwards, William,	lived in Wales, born 1736
Evans, John,	lived in Wales, born 1751
Gilman, Edward,	Hingham, 1638
Goddard, John,	Dover, 1648
Gordon, Alexander,	Exeter, 1664
Griffith, Edward,	lived in Wales, born 1700

Hill, Valentine, Boston, 1636
Hull, or Hall, Rev. Joseph,

Jones, William, Boston, about 1830

Langstaff, Henry, Portsmouth, 1631
Lord, Nathan, Kittery, 1652

Mathews, Francis, Portsmouth, 1631
Morton, Ann, wife of Theophilus Eaton, Boston, 1637

Nutter, Anthony, son, Dover, 1637
Nutter, Hatevil, father, Dover, 1637

Shapleigh, Alexander, Kittery, 1642

Thompson, John, married Sarah Woodman,
Treworgy, James, Kittery, 1636

Williams, Ann, lived in Wales, born 1764 or 1765
Woodman, Sarah, married John Thompson

Yorke, Dorothy, wife of Thomas Dudley, Boston, 1630

Preble and Eveleth Ancestors

Baston, Thomas,
Bradbury, Thomas, York, 1634
Bragg, Edward, Ipswich, 1646
Brown, William, Gloucester, 1644
Brown, Martha, of Newbury, married John Tappan, 1688

Collins, John, Salem, 1643

Eaton, Sarah, of Salisbury, married Jabez True, 1740
Eveleth, Sylvester, Boston, 1642

Fredericks, Elizabeth, married Ezekiel Glass, 1722

Giles, Edward, Salem, 1634
Glass, Ezekiel, married Elizabeth Fredericks, 1722
Greenaway, John, Dorchester, 1630

Haskell, William, Salem, 1637

Junkins, Alexander, York, Maine

Millett, Thomas, Dorchester, 1635

Parkman, Elias, Dorchester, 1633
Parsons, Jeffrey, Gloucester, 1655
Perkins, John, Boston, 1631
Pike, John, Newbury, 1635
Preble, Abraham, Scituate, 1636

Riggs, Thomas,	Gloucester, 1658
Tappan, Abraham,	Newbury, 1637
Tilden, Nathaniel,	Scituate, 1628
True, Henry,	Salem, 1644
Tybbot, Walter,	Gloucester, 1640
Verin, Philip,	Boston, 1635
Very, Mrs. Bridget,	Salem, 1636
Vinson, William,	Salem, 1635

Taken in connection with the table of contents, this list will serve in a very slight degree as a much-needed index, the omission of which I trust the reader will kindly overlook.

W. P. J.

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One of the most important sources of our genealogical information not previously mentioned, but gratefully acknowledged nevertheless, is David W. Hoyt's history of "The Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury," which has helped many thousand American families to trace their ancestry. So frequently are these volumes consulted that the copies at the Boston Public Library and the New England Historic Genealogical Society are nearly worn to a frazzle, as a distinguished former president might have said.

At the end of the second volume, published in 1905, is this significant statement by the author: "The expense has been so much more than the income that the compiler has no expectation of pursuing the work any further." Which explains why so many genealogies, once started, have never been completed.

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